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Selections.

THE POWERS OF WAR IN THEIR RELATION TO SLAVERY.

THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT TO EXERCISE THEM.

[From "The Birth and Death of Nations—A Thought for the Crisis":—a striking pamphlet, lately issued from the press by G. P. Putnam, 532 Broadway.]

WHILE slavery remained upon its own ground, obedient to the Constitution, a due regard for the requirements of that instrument might justly be held to bind the National government from dealing with it, as in its own nature it deserved. But the moment it threw off its obligations to the Constitution, and set at defiance the authority of the nation, the question of its existence became wholly discharged of all Constitutional prohibitions and restraints; and from thenceforth the National government was imperatively bound to take possession of it as a national affair; to deal with it, as with any other question vitally affecting the national well-being, on its own merits, and dispose of it with an enlightened, fearless and far-reaching statesmanship.

But what a bottomless slough of absurdities are even honest men compelled to swelter in, when once they have put their hand in that of slavery, and allowed themselves to be led by it! It is said the rebels have indeed committed a great outrage upon the Constitution; but that that is no reason why the loyal people of the Union, and their government, should do the same thing *by abolishing slavery—the Constitution containing no express provision giving them that power.* As if the Constitution *did contain* an express provision authorizing the blockade of Southern ports, or filling them up with stone-filled hulks—the burning of the rebel's dwellings, imprisoning and slaying his white children, and sweeping his whole land with the besom of destruction. Only one act, it seems, imposed by the terrible necessities of war, is unconstitutional, and that is a destruction of its cause, slavery! No wonder that the great heart of the world swells with a suppressed shout of derision at such acumen and statesmanship. WAR and its laws alone justify and make *Constitutional* any of these acts. And much more do they justify and command the utter extinction of its acknowledged cause.

War has been justly termed the "scourge of God." And regarding it from the grounds of the broadest Christian statesmanship, it may, indeed, be pronounced an evil in itself, in its own nature, so enormous as never to be justifiable except on the ground that the continued existence of its cause is a still greater evil. I believe the universal conscience of Christendom, if appealed to, would confirm this position. To destroy the existence of the cause is then the only legitimate aim and end in the prosecution of any war. It follows, that a war carried on for any other purpose, or with any other intent than that of destroying or removing its cause, is not only unjustifiable but a great mistake, or a great crime. Only on the ground that slavery, the admitted cause of the present war, is such an evil, and that the war is aimed at its extinction, can it be justified before God and mankind.

The existence of an apparent doubt on this point in the minds of the men, upon whom rests the momentous responsibility of conducting the war to its highest, grandest issues; and their paltering hesitancy to carry it on, upon its own basis, as war, and for the achievement of a great and just end, is the source of disheartening anxieties and doubts, that wound and stagger the popular confidence of the loyal States. Nor is this by any means its only mischief. It gives occasion for an undeserved defamation of republican institutions and contempt of our national character and aims abroad, that threaten us with the loss of the respect of other nations, if not with their active hatred and hostility.

Nor on another ground than any hitherto set forth, can this paramount question be any longer left to be trifled with by epauletted officials, high or low, without peril to the supremacy of the civil power of the nation and shame to the representatives of the people. The powers conferred by the laws of war belong, primarily, to the supreme authority of the State, and by no means without its authorization, to any one of its administrative or executive functionaries. The Constitution itself takes on these powers, and Congress is its proper organ for their distribution—for giving them practical authority. Besides the fact that the legislative power is alone adequate to the determination of the great question, is alone adequate to foresee and provide for the future of the slave as well as of the nation, in the presence of the great military force called forth by the exigencies of the hour to watch with a most jealous eye every attempt of its chiefs to overstep their function, as the arm and servant of the civil power, is a matter of the most urgent necessity, and a sacred duty of the people's representatives. Most calamitous and deplorable indeed would it be, if the war to restore the external unity of the nation should end not only in reinstating its cause, as a supreme power in the State, but in giving the people a military autocracy for their free republican institutions. In a war carried on for the maintenance of authority only—for *empire* merely, this is an evil consequence, greatly to be feared. On the other hand, let your battle be for a great IDEA—let your army be inspired by a great sentiment of human justice and liberty, and the danger is cut off at its very source.

But why should the people of the United States or their government seek to shuffle off the "inevitable logic of events," or squander the providences of God? The conspirators against the life of the nation plant themselves openly, squarely, on the ground of slavery. The war they wage is trammelled by no mental or moral reservations, no ambiguity of purpose. To make slavery triumph on this continent, and to found upon it a social order and a State, is their loudly-vaunted aim in its prosecution. The malign spirit has taken complete possession of their souls; they believe in it, are terribly in earnest about it, ready to die for it! On the other side, on the part of the nation and its government, what great purpose is set forth to justify, inspire and sustain them, in the prosecution of so gigantic a struggle? Is it to restore the rebellious States to the Union, and slavery to the safeguards of the Constitution! To reëstablish the fatal malignant evil, not only in all its original power, but from the very nature of things to give it renewed strength and vigor!! For they fall into a most pernicious error who imagine that, in some accidental or fortuitous way, slavery is to receive its death wound in this war, even although it may end in its reëstablishment. Let no such monstrous delusion be entertained. The ethical providence of the world never returns upon its own footsteps. God wastes not a single one of His dispensations, repeats not one of man's neglected opportunities. Slavery must die, and die now, by the enlightened will of the nation, or the nation itself must die—must have its own heart eaten out by its poisonous, deadly virus.

But without reference to this inevitable and final consummation, what a solecism in human affairs does this war present, when viewed from its own ground, as war in the light of its own logic! In the history of the world, was it ever before proposed to "conquer a peace" by carefully maintaining the cause of the war? Was it ever before proposed "*to weaken and disable*" a powerful enemy by becoming the keeper, and enforcing the labor of four million of his subjects for his sole benefit and support? To "*overcome his resistance*" by compelling a supply of the very means without which he would become utterly helpless? Suppose, for an instant, that these four million of unwilling *workers* from whose labor the enemy draws his daily sustenance, were in a night to have the color of their skin changed to a Caucasian hue, and these white men were to send a message to the Commander-in-chief of our armies, that they were loyal men, lovers of liberty and the Union, and only awaited his permission to rise in their might and with one fell swoop destroy the cause of the war and the malignant power of the enemy. And suppose that this Commander-in-chief should refuse the proffered assistance, and insist that his *constitutional* duty was to employ his great army in standing guard over these willing allies of the nation, and in compelling them to serve and support its implacable enemy. What judgment would a skilful strategist, an able general, pass on such a plan for carrying on a great war? What would be the sentence of the nation and of mankind on such patriotism and statesmanship? And yet is not this a sober statement of the facts, as they present themselves at this moment, with this difference only—that the men who, the other day, with cries of joy ran to embrace our army on the shores of Port Royal while its enemy fled, had not all cuticles of the supposed color?

By what unparalleled infatuation is it that even yet, after all the overwhelming proofs of the execrable character of slavery, the understandings and hearts of our public men are enthralled and awed in its presence—bound abjectly as by a spell of Circe, to cringe and bow to its diabolical intimations. Under the pressure of the great exigency created by it our rulers have not hesitated to set aside the most sacred rights guaranteed by the Constitution. In the name of national safety they have not hesitated to suspend the great writ of freedom, the *habeas corpus*, for two hundred years held sacred by all men speaking the English tongue, and to put manacles on the hands of American citizens. But to refuse any longer to stand guard over the rebel's slave, or in the name of liberty, the rights of human nature and of national existence, to permit his shackles to be knocked off, is a thing only to be thought of with fear and trembling—to be excused by all sorts of phrases, and to be waited for until it gets *itself* transacted in some way, not to excite the latent treason of the half-suppressed rebels of the border States, who, in the name of the old master, slavery, and with the old insolence, are still permitted to dictate the policy of the National government, and give the word of command to the national armies. While the earnest convictions of the loyal people of the free States, who furnish these armies, are flouted as fanatical and not to be regarded, on the ground, apparently, that their patriotism and love of country are unconditional.

Is it not time, O men of America, rightful heirs of the great inheritance, that we should rouse ourselves to a sense of the true nature of the enemy we have to overcome, and of the deadly perils that environ us? Look, I beseech you, at the battle-field upon which we are called to pour out the blood of our sons—for who of us has not there a dear son?—what a spectacle does it present! On the one hand stands the great army of slavery, openly, boldly, proudly, in the name of SLAVERY, warring for its triumph. On the other hand stands the army of freedom, covertly, abjectly, in the name of *Union*, waging "a vague and aimless fight," but still for SLAVERY!!

> "One guards through love its ghastly throne,
> And one through fear to reverence grown."

How, think you, must such a battle end? Shall not slavery, that "dares and dares and dares," not rather triumph, than liberty that cowers and hides herself? Or rather shall not liberty disown the cowardly craven souls that dare not fight openly in her name, and yield them up to become in very fact the "mudsills" of that hideous throne they so reverence?

We may not flatter ourselves: on this plan of the battle we need not hope to conquer. The inestimable sacrifices we offer will be but vain oblations. To the eternal Justice there is no sweet savor in them. O friends, we must not allow our children to be so driven "like dumb cattle" to the shambles. Let us demand an open fight on the ground of the great declaration: "ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL—ENDOWED BY THEIR CREATOR WITH THE INALIENABLE RIGHTS OF LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS." Only in the strength of the great idea which it contains have we the right even to ask to conquer. Only in its name dare we send forth our brave sons to die. Only with the consolation that they fell in the cause of liberty and the rights of humanity, shall we be able to assuage the griefs that must wring and break our hearts at their loss.

THE EMANCIPATED SOUTH CAROLINIANS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

PORT ROYAL, Jan. 8, 1862.

MANY facts about the condition of the negroes in camp, which I hoped to put into this letter, must be postponed; but I wish to call attention to one subject of immediate interest, and indeed necessary to their comfort. There is no supply of clothing adequate to their wants. Quartermaster-Gen. Meigs, to whom Capt. Saxton urgently represented their necessities, has recently sent 600 suits of clothing for the men, and a small supply of shoes. Before these were received, nothing but second-hand garments, left behind by the rebels, and very few of those, had been issued by them. Underclothing for the men, and every description of clothing for women and children, are immediately needed, and cannot be had unless private charity will furnish them. The supply of men's suits, sent by Gen. Meigs, will be very soon exhausted by the negroes here and at Beaufort. No kind of second-hand clothing therefore will come amiss, and whatever can be sent at once will relieve a great deal of destitution. I am sure the large benevolence of the North will not disregard an appeal made with the sanction of the chief Quartermaster of the fort, and of the Superintendent. They will be glad to receive every description of clothing, of every quality, for men, women, and children. Nothing is so poor or worn out that it may not be of service. Contributions should be packed in boxes, and addressed to Mr. B. K. Lee, Jr., Superintendent, care of Capt R. Saxton, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster. E. C., Port Royal, S. C. They will be forwarded at once by the Quartermaster's Department in New York, of which Col. Tompkins is in charge. If the necessity for this appeal seems strange, it should be remembered that government has yet adopted no definite policy toward the negro, and has made no general provision for those whom it receives and whose services it uses. A blanket or two, an old coat, food, and five dollars a month, are the rewards it offers for the encouragement of loyalty. Those who come in are generally obliged to leave behind them everything they possess, and arriving often after long marches, exposure by night, hiding in swamps and swimming rivers, are almost completely destitute on reaching the camp. No generosity will be wasted that is bestowed upon them.

It is plain that the arming of the slaves will now become general, on one side or the other. In addition to the accounts heretofore received from different parts of the South, here is the statement of a negro who came into camp on New Year's Day: He knows that at a point not far distant from Port Royal, not less than three hundred slaves are under arms, organized and officered mainly by whites, and forming a part of the regular force under command of the General of that Department. They are treated very much like whites—that is, like the common white soldiers—for whom South Carolina aristocracy has little more respect than for the blacks. Other companies were forming, in which the proportion of black officers was considerably larger. This negro was asked to take command of a company already raised—the recruiting being probably about as near the volunteer system as elsewhere in the South. When he declined, he was ordered to take it, and threatened with punishment if he refused. Indisposed to fight for the perpetuation of the tyranny that sought to compel him, he fled to our camp, where there seems small chance of his being either compelled or permitted to fight for the flag that protects him. His statements are confirmed by another slave from the same district, who neither knew the other before, nor has seen him since.

The name of this negro and of his former owner, and the plantation from which he came, are all known to me, but there is a reason for not publishing them. He has brought information of great value concerning the rebel forces and preparations for defense in a certain quarter, partly confirming and partly extending the knowledge already in possession of Gen. Sherman. I cannot praise too highly his intelligence and honesty, and he gives no mean evidence of military capacity in the suggestions which he made for the attack of the rebel defenses. He went down to the wharf, scanned the vessels of war at anchor, and gave a clear opinion as to how many might approach the place to which he offers to pilot them. When I first talked with him he drew on the sand with the point of his stick a plan of the district from which he came, indicating with perfect distinctness the location of forces, giving their names and strength, and marking the points of approach. Afterward he brought me a piece of board on which he had sketched the same, and its main features corresponded so accurately with the chart that it was impossible to doubt he was right in details. He came to our camp because he was determined he would not fight for slavery, and believed that here he might fight for freedom. Why should he not? How long before we shall believe that a negro can fight as well as work for the first? that he has courage, capacity, and will for war? Gen. Sherman is expressly authorized by his instructions to arm the slaves if he choose. He will learn sooner or later that the side which first summons the negro to its aid will conquer; that the South will emancipate and arm her slaves sooner than submit to defeat; that the abolition of slavery is no longer a question. The only question left to be answered is, whether they or we shall abolish it—on which the four million of blacks shall fight—whether they or we shall inscribe on our banner, "Justice to the negro," and under it advance to success.

THE MILITARY COMMITTEE'S BILL CONCERNING SLAVES.

THE Military Committee of the House, to whom were referred all the petitions and resolutions in relation to the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, has reported a bill, of which the principal features are given below. The Committee is composed of Blair; Buffinton, of Massachusetts; Olin, of New York; Wright, of Pennsylvania; Richardson, of Illinois; McKee; Dunn, of Indiana; Wm. Allen, of Ohio; Marston, of New Hampshire, and Jackson. The two latter have not attended the meetings of the Committee. It is understood that the Committee agree as to the principles of this bill, but not fully on details. The leading features of the bill are these:

First—The apportionment of the National tax among the rebel States.

Second—The charge of each rebel State's portion *pro rata* on the lots and lands of citizens of said States, according to the valuation thereof under the last census.

Third—The Proclamation of the President on the 22d of February next, to all citizens of the rebel States, to pay the taxes charged on their lands.

Fourth—The lands of all who fail to pay, after sixty days, shall be liable to be seized, and the title thereof vest in the United States.

Fifth—The President to appoint three Commissioners for each rebel State, to take charge of lands whose title is thus vested in government, and lease or sell the same as the President may direct; but persons claiming to be loyal, who shall, in two years, furnish proof of loyalty, shall receive each from government title to their lands.

Sixth—These Commissioners to receive a salary of $3,000 each, and to have two clerks each, at a salary of $1,000. They shall enter upon duty whenever any County or district of the rebel States is reduced to Federal authority by the commanding General.

Seventh—Personal property of citizens in rebel States to be taken after June next, in default of their payment of the National Income Tax. Loyal owners to have time for reclamation.

Eighth—The proceeds of leases or sales of rebel property to be paid into the National Treasury.

Ninth—The slaves of rebel masters, taken by our army, or brought into our lines, or coming in voluntarily, shall be protected, and the rights of rebel masters divested by a summary examination of Commissioners, and certificates of freedom issued.

Tenth—These emancipated persons shall be hired to employers leasing government lands, or employed by government in public works, or indentured to agriculturists or mechanics for a term of five years of all over twenty-one, and until twenty-five years of age of all under twenty-one, reserving reasonable wages for their service, which wages shall go to government, to be held in trust for said persons, and to be used in deporting them to new homes—the employers to feed, clothe and lodge them properly.

Eleventh—If any State shall emancipate its slaves, they shall be taken charge of by the United States, and treated in the same manner as slaves taken from rebels. Any free negroes wishing to emigrate shall be deported by government and provided for as slaves emancipated under this bill.

Twelfth—The proceeds of the sales of the lands and other property of rebels, and the wages of apprenticed and hired persons, shall create a National fund, one-third to pay the cost of providing new homes for emancipated persons and transporting them thereto; one-third to pay the Federal tax imposed on the rebel States, and one-third to pay loyal owners of emancipated slaves, and the losses of loyal persons by reason of the rebellion.

Thirteenth—The President shall acquire in Mexico, South America, Central America, or islands in the Gulf of Mexico, lands, or the right of settlement on lands, to which emancipated slaves shall be transported, single persons receiving forty acres of land, and married persons eighty acres.

From The Evening Post.

THE provision named in the ninth and tenth specifications above is both excellent and execrable—excellent so far as it provides for the protection and freedom of the blacks—and execrable so far as it confiscates their lawful wages for the purpose of thrusting them out of their newly-acquired homes. Having recognized their rights as men, by what authority can the government take possession of the honest rewards of their labor in order to inflict upon them a cruel deportation? If, during the years of their apprenticeship, they perform their labors faithfully and conduct themselves as peaceable persons, what occasion will there be to send them away? Our whole country needs laborers; the Southern country needs them especially; and these negroes, we are uniformly told, are the very best laborers that can be found. Why rob ourselves of a commodity so much in demand? We say nothing of the inhumanity of the scheme, nothing of its utter impracticability, nothing of its costliness, but we do pronounce it, in an economical view, perfectly suicidal.

We trust that when the bill comes to be considered in the House it will be shorn of these colonization features, which are mere concessions to vulgar prejudices, and which convert an otherwise generous measure into a means of oppression. If the free negroes that are, or will be, should desire transportation to other climes, it might be benevolent to fulfil their wishes; but to send them away by force, to compel them to migrate whether they will or not, would be a high-handed piece of tyranny, which would have very little effect in mitigating the evils of slavery, while it would be embarrassed by innumerable difficulties in the details of execution, and prove a failure in the end.

One clause of the bill, however, ought to be retained in any act that is passed upon the subject of the disposal of slaves, and that is, the one which provides that the Commissioners should enter upon their duties as rapidly as any County or district is reduced to the possession of the United States. As an evidence of the necessity of this, we have only to refer to the fine cotton-growing regions which we now hold among the sea islands of the Carolina and Georgia coasts. We have there some twelve hundred square miles of the best arable lands of the South; the owners of it have all fled and abandoned it to our use; nearly two hundred and fifty thousand acres of it are improved and furnished with houses and agricultural implements; while more than thirty thousand laborers stand ready to undertake the work of cultivation. It is estimated, indeed, that nearly double the number might be usefully employed, and the crops of cotton raised from it, under judicious management, be sufficient to supply one-third of the factories at the North. How important, then, that the government should at once devise a plan for the sale or lease of those derelict estates to enterprising farmers, who would work them on the best modern systems of culture, and give remunerating employment to the thousands upon thousands of laborers who are on them, and who otherwise will become vagrants and starve to death?

It is obvious that something must be done speedily, or the houses will fall into ruin, the lands run to waste, and the cotton crops of next year be lost. Many of our most skillful Northern farmers are willing to purchase or take leases of them, and to employ the working classes on them, on the most liberal conditions. Why should Congress wait to discuss remote schemes of colonization before proceeding to a practicable plan for the use of these lands and slaves? Providence seems to have placed the Beaufort Islands in our hands on purpose to give us an opportunity for asserting the true principles of the government, without danger to any community, in a place not liable to assault, and where all the circumstances invite a practical application of the system of free labor. No reason that we are aware can be alleged against immediate operations. Many reasons urge us to the work. The experiment, if unsuccessful, can do little injury elsewhere, while if it should prove successful, as it unquestionably would, we shall have opened, in the densest part of the slave-districts, an example of prosperous freedom which would do infinite good in enlightening and liberating the bigoted minds of the Southern people.

AT PORT ROYAL. 1861.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,
Our good boats forward swing;
And while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song;
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast;
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles:
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds:
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

Oh, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come
To set de people free;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
He jus' as 'trong as den;
He say de word: we las' night slaves;
To-day, de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbles gone;
He leab de land behind:
De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plow,
We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber chile be sold.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord: he gib us signs
Dat some day we be free;
De Norf-wind tell it to de pines,
De wild-duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church-bell ring,
We dream it in de dream;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de word;
So, like de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord:
An' now he open ebery door,
An' trow away de key;
He tink we lub him so before,
We lub him better free.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
He'll gib de rice an' corn:
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;
And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
Nor yet his hope deny;
We only know that God is just,
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face,
Flame-lighted, ruder still:
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or bloom—
The Vala-song of Liberty,
Or death-rune of our doom!

—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

UP to this hour, nine-tenths of all the information obtained by our Cabinet and Generals with regard to the strength, the positions, and the movements of the rebel forces, has been furnished by fugitive slaves. Wherever these have been repelled by us, there our intelligence of what transpires within the rebel lines is necessarily meagre and received at long intervals; for the Southern whites, however strong for the Union, will very seldom risk their lives to bring information to our camps. Slaves in quest of freedom, and stimulated by the hope of its speedy achievement, will, and do take that very risk; they skulk day after day in the woods and swamps of Virginia and South Carolina, watching and waiting for the night of storm and Egyptian darkness wherein they may hope to dodge the rebel sentinels and pickets, and make their way to our front. But for these, the sudden attacks in overwhelming force on our advanced posts and pickets would have been many times more frequent and disastrous than they have been; for the enemy has immense advantages over us in his knowledge of, and familiarity with, the ground on which hostilities are in progress, and in the sympathy and active cooperation of the great body of the whites who inhabit that region. In Missouri, in South Carolina, in Florida, as well as in Virginia, the negroes everywhere give aid and comfort to our forces; and they would do this to a far greater extent if they only had an authentic word of encouragement and assurance from our side.

Why should they *not* have it? Why is month after month of costly and not very effective warfare allowed to slip by without a word of cheer from our commanders to those who can serve the nation most effectively, and are willing to do it without pay? Why are not the three and a half million of blacks held in slavery by the authors and upholders of this abhorred rebellion invited to come over to us upon the sole inducement—costing us nothing, yet most effective—that they shall be free, after giving us all possible information, to go where they please?

Can anyone render a reason—we do not ask a valid but *any* reason—why they should not be thus invited to stop constructing breastworks and digging trenches for the rebel armies?

True, some come without invitation; but many times the number would come with it. For, in addition to the fearful risks they now run from rebel sentinels and pickets, they have the additional hazard of being shot or repelled on approaching our lines. And this is no ideal, no fancied peril. In Missouri, a general order from the Commander of that Department directs that no negro shall be admitted within our lines. Were one to overbear a rebel plan to surprise one of our outposts in overwhelming force, and thereupon make his way by night through forests, swamps, and over rivers, to our pickets to warn our troops of the blow about to crush them, he must, in accordance with that order, either be driven back or shot without having an opportunity afforded him to do his errand. Hence the destruction by the rebels of that most important artery, the North Missouri Railroad—the only available means of transit from the Mississippi to Kansas and the Territories. We would not allow negroes to put us on our guard against that heavy blow; but we are now shooting the traitors who planned and executed it on the strength of information which slaves, and they only, are able and willing to supply. And this is but one of many illustrations of a general rule.

Now, we say nothing in this connection of justice, humanity or philanthropy; for we are talking more especially to army men, and would not willingly address them in an unknown tongue. What we urge is war in earnest through the most effective use of the means within our reach for the sole purpose of weakening and vanquishing the enemy. One approves slavery; another detests it; but we here deal only with the question—"How shall the Nation most speedily and surely crush out the Rebellion?" And we insist that whoever singly and loyally ponders this question must conclude that there exists a military necessity for inviting and encouraging the slaves of rebels to come over to our side, bringing all possible information with regard to the positions and movements of the rebel forces, and that it is little less than treason to disregard that necessity.

Let none fancy us afraid that slavery will not fall with the rebellion. We quite comprehend the intimate relation between cause and effect, and know that, provided the rebellion be thoroughly squelched, the downfall of slavery in this Republic cannot be far off. Let Dagon but get such a fall as the trampling out of this rebellion necessarily involves, and all his priests and sycophants can never set him firmly on his feet again. We are contemplating not the destruction of slavery, but the crushing out of the rebellion; for, should this be unqualified and thorough, we have little apprehension as to the other. What we seek is a practical shifting of the weight of four million of native Americans from the side of the rebellion to that of the Union; and this can neither be justifiably neglected nor accomplished one moment too soon.—*Tribune.*

THE STORY OF A CONTRABAND.

From The Times.

ON Monday evening, Jan. 13, a meeting was held in Dr. Cheever's church, to listen to William Davis, a slave, who has been brought to this city by Rev. Mr. L. S. Lockwood, Agent of the American Missionary Society, at Fortress Monroe. Mr. Wm. Goodell presided, and the meeting was opened by prayer. After some patriotic songs had been sung, Mr. Lockwood introduced William Davis to the audience. In doing so, he said that he hardly knew what to call Davis, but he thought no better name could be found than that he was one of Uncle Sam's slaves, for indeed he was virtually that. William Davis, a fine, intelligent-looking mulatto, then came forward, and spoke as follows:

That Mr. Lockwood, his worthy friend, was right in saying that he was one of Uncle Sam's slaves. He was born a slave in Norfolk, and sold to an owner in Hampton. His master owned him till he died, and his master's widow ran away from him, and left him to take care of himself. Children he said, in the South, are used for fences. If it is wanted to keep cattle off a particular spot, they place children there, and use them as fences. Often had he become so hungry while being made a fence of, that he had to steal victuals. All slaves steal; it is no use denying it. The overseer on that farm had a long cowhide, but Davis was determined not to be flogged with it. One day the overseer came to whip him: says Davis, "No, master, I'll die first." He, the overseer, determined to flog him, but Davis told him not to do it, or if he did, he would kill him. The overseer then struck him over the head, not with the cowhide, but with a stick he held in his hand. After much trouble and talk, the overseer having sent for a gun to shoot Davis, he walked away without again striking him, as he knew it was worth his life to do so. Another time the overseer got three athletic fellows to hold Davis while he was chastised. "Boys," said Davis, "I am only a poor boy, and you're big grown men, but if either of you touch me, I'll kill one of you; that I'm bound to." The biggest fellow of the lot shrugged his shoulders and said he didn't want to be killed. After that Davis was let alone. One day the overseer was invited to sup with the master. Down South poor white folks think so much of being asked to partake of meals at the same table with the owner, that they don't know what to talk about but niggers. He told Davis's master that William was a good brave boy, and very fond of him, and would in all probability die for him. The master was surprised, and thought that if he had whipped him more when he was a boy, he would be fonder of him still. This first brought Davis into notice of his master, and after awhile he was made overseer of the farm. At this period Davis began to experience a change of feeling and began to pray. In course of time he reclaimed twice as much land as that originally farmed by the overseer, and had it under excellent cultivation for his master.

This was caused by Davis being himself opposed to corporal punishment, and that not one of his fellow slaves ever felt the lash, consequently they worked with three times as much energy and satisfaction. Other owners noticed the changed and improved appearance of the farm, and inquired the cause. Davis told them that men worked better when led, not driven. Some time ago, an old man, a very old man, used to pass by Davis's door. To support his tottering steps, he had to recline upon a staff. One day news came that this man was free. He dropped his staff, and stretched, and stretched himself until he got quite straight, and went and earned his own living. Davis says it is all nonsense to say that niggers won't work, and support themselves. They will. A slave has to support himself and his master. Nine years ago, he endeavored to purchase the freedom of his wife and two children, but when the present troubles arose he was just as near his object as when he first commenced. All the money he could scrape together for that purpose was grabbed up by the lawyers, who shoveled it up just as rapidly as he could put it out. At one time his wife was near being taken away from him, but "God kicked up this trouble, and stopped it." He says five of his children are away down South in slavery, and it is doubtful whether he should ever see them again on this side of the grave. His wife is at present at Hampton. On Christmas and New Year's Day a glorious time was had at Hampton. The negroes sang hymns, songs, and enjoyed themselves most hugely. It was a great contrast to the preceding New Year's Day, when the cries and tears of brothers, sisters, wives and husbands were heard in the same streets. For on that day a general sale of slaves used to take place. But now he hoped that God would bury the slave auctioneer's voice in the dust, and that it should never be heard again.

During the recital of the above Davis was frequently interrupted by laughter and applause. At the conclusion, Rev. Mr. Lockwood spoke at some length, and said the object of the meeting was to furnish the slaves at Fortress Monroe with clothes and books. Many of them, the slaves, worked hard, digging fortifications and such like, and were fully worth two dollars a day, but as yet government has not given one cent for five or six months' hard labor. A liberal collection was then taken up.

On Wednesday evening, 15th, Mr. Davis spoke again at the Cooper Institute. Rev. Mr. Lockwood, of Fortress Monroe, previous to the lecture made a statement of the condition of the "contrabands," which had collected at that post. He described the efforts of the released slaves to acquire knowledge, their eagerness to legalize their parental relations by embracing the institution of marriage, which had been denied them in bondage, and the general improvement in their condition. He spoke of the injustice of the government in availing itself of the labor of these slaves, and yet remunerating them only with paltry rations and clothing, and two dollars a month. It had been thought best that one of them should come North as a representative. He introduced the lecturer as William Davis—bearing no relation to Jeff. Davis, except the relation of antagonism (applause). This Davis had a black face, but the other Davis had a black heart (applause).

Mr. Davis then came forward and said he felt embarrassed in speaking. He had but little education, and that he stole. He was born in Norfolk, Va., and had three masters before he was six years of age. He worked at farming, and served as a sort of water fence, keeping the cattle from getting into the corn. They often forgot to give him meat, but they never forgot him when he let the cows get in the corn (laughter). When he got to be thirteen years of age he got tired of being whipped, and rebelled against the overseer. But that overseer was turned away, and the next overseer was worse (laughter). Finally, the overseer struck one of the darkies, and the darkey jumped for him, and he jumped away from the darkey. For himself, his master took a liking to him because he said he would not let anyone strike his master. He was promoted to do work about the house, and finally made head over the rest of the hands. And then the hands found fault with him, and said he was worse than the overseer (laughter). Next year, however, they took more land. The boys felt free, and did more work than ever for themselves. It was said that the slaves were lazy, but who would work for nothing? What soldier could go into the field and shoot at nothing? What did a slave work for but his grave? That was all he was sure of except the lash (applause). But, let the negro have something to live for, and he would have a fair trial. That was what he was here for, to ask them to please let the slaves go free. Well, the hands went on under his direction, and did more work, and all without the whip. The neighboring farmers found that they got along better without an overseer. They all discharged their overseers, and got larger crops from it. And there was less talk about the niggers stealing (applause). But what was a man to do? If he could not beg or buy meat, wouldn't he have to steal it? (Laughter.) Finally his master died, and he was allowed to hire his time. His wife was left to him, but he was cheated out of her. He entered suit for her, and he sued nine years, and after he spent all his money, he found out that it was all foolishness for a poor man to go to law with a rich one (laughter). The heirs put his flocks in their pockets, but it tore his heart when they put his dear little children in their pockets (sensation). He had five children in the hands of the secessionists, and his business here was to try and get the ladies and gentlemen to think of these things. He had come through what Mr. Lockwood called the hole that Garrison knocked into slavery (laughter). The lawyers got his money, his wife was sold, and five out of his seven children were gone. He asked them, would they not, like Moses, say, "let the people go"?

The speaker gave a most inimitable and unreportable description of his feelings on being shaved by a white barber, and said, "O Lord, if this is what freedom does, give us freedom all the time." This, and his energetic illustration of the bustle, and hurry, and industry of the North, as contrasted with the lassitude of the South, brought down the house in roars of laughter and rounds of applause.

He said that the arming of the slaves, and their fighting against the North, was done solely on compulsion. It was just as slaves were often made to fill the place of the whipping-master. The North was losing its cause because it would not avail itself of the efforts of those who would go forth conquering and to conquer (applause); but, if they would not let the niggers fight, would they not let them go? (Cries of "Yes, yes.") He stood before them their slave—the slave of the government—would they let them go! (Cries of "Yes.")

He spoke of the advantages of education to the slave, and the eagerness with which the contraband children learned. They thought it was so much like the way master's children used to be treated that they believed they were getting white. He described his feelings at the exercises of the "contraband" children near Fortress Monroe, in terms of not only impressive feeling, but in many cases, of real eloquence. He compared the scenes of the last New Year's Day with that of the previous New Year, when he was present at the hiring and sale of slaves—and one of them his own child! The Southerners said, "Let slavery alone and it will die out." Yes, but when? When the Southerners themselves die out—yes, when the South was dead (applause). For himself, he was 47 years of age, and was considered as worth $1,600. When a slave was sold he brought $100 or $200 more if he was a good Christian! Selling the grace of God! But he rejoiced in God that there was a day when they would be released from the yoke of slavery—a day in the distant future. In conclusion he reiterated his hope that the government would "let the people go."

After a statement by Mr. Lockwood, a collection in aid of the cause (to be taken charge of by the American Missionary Association), and more singing, the exercises of the evening closed.

THE EMANCIPATED NORTH CAROLINIANS.

Correspondence of The Herald.

HATTERAS INLET, N. C., Jan. 1, 1862.

THE Tilletts of North Carolina are, I should say, among the happiest of its inhabitants to-day. Who are they? and what is the source of their joy? They are black men and black women, and are supposed to be free. They have hitherto lived on Roanoke Island, the slaves of white masters; they now stand upon our sand spits, the peers of white men, the fellows of soldiers, acknowledging no authority but that which acts and moves under the eagles of the Union. They who exchange salutations on a New Year's day in your rich metropolis know little of the wealth of joy there is in the meeting of men and women who have come together again after a hurried journey from bondage. Yours is artificial, conventional, stiff; the Tilletts' reunion is natural, simple, rude, perhaps, but mighty cordial. I cannot imitate the yell at first, the significant ejaculation, the grunt of local purport, nor the shrug and the final loud laugh that seemed to indicate an unconsciousness of the future or its responsibilities. Franklin Tillett, the father of the contrabands, and his wife, Nancy, are aged, respectively, sixty-eight and sixty-five years. They have passed their days, hitherto, on Roanoke Island, farming sometimes and sometimes begetting children. I have seen seventeen of the nineteen children who have grown out of the union of the old couple, and who have, it may be, served to relieve the austerity of wool gathering, hay making, and those other bucolic employments which make up the annual sum of the life of a slave. It will strike you as very odd that the children of this couple bear three surnames. This comes of their having been the property of three parties. The children, instead of taking their father's name, take those of their owners. So I account for it that, amongst these seventeen children of old Nancy, we have five Tilletts, four Daniels, one Drinkwater and seven Ashbys. Roanoke must become crippled in her resources; the sudden withdrawal of eight men, five

Herald, if I can but excite an emotion in behalf of the Tilletts, of Roanoke, in the minds of those philanthropists of the North who have seemed to need only an open field. To such let me announce that Hatteras Inlet is wide open, and that these negroes are ready to be shipped to any clime ignorant of the slave code, to any planet which secures free air to man.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

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THE HOUR, BUT NOT THE MAN.

THE political disturbances which have agitated this continent for the last six months have not yet created or discovered the Great Man that should control and guide them. Times of civil broil and intestine commotion usually bring to the surface of society men of extraordinary energy or eminent ability, who would have remained concealed in its depths had it not been for a volcanic heaving of its elements, alike unknown and unknowing of the strength that was in them. Our convulsions have not yet evoked the master-spirit appointed to calm them into peace after having directed them to a true victory of civilization. It may be that our knot is not worthy of being disentangled by the interposition of a demi-god or hero upon the scene. It may be that the conditions of our National politics for the last forty years have been such that the nation is impotent to produce such a man, and that our fate must remain at the mercy of the mediocrities accidentally finding themselves at the head of our affairs. This last is most probably the true explanation of the phenomenon of a great National crisis without a great man commensurate with its magnitude. The Age had lost its breed of noble bloods before the storm set in, or rather it had grown incompetent to continue the breed. The virus of slavery had entered into the marrow of the bones of the fathers, and the children are dwarfed in stature and their strength is feebleness. Clay, Webster and Calhoun might have impressed themselves on the history of their country as benefactors, had it not been for this. As it is, the last is the only one who has given any impulse to events, while the two first are already forgotten, their memories crumbling like their dust and their influence silent as their voices.

It has been the necessity of our institutions, as administered in the interests of slavery, to check the growth of genuine greatness of intellect and of soul in those who deserved the distinctions of the Republic. We do not believe that the human mind has gone backward under our skies, as some of our foreign critics have pretended, nor yet that the moral sense of the common race has deteriorated on this side the Atlantic. But we are sure that the tendency of the administration of our affairs for more than a generation of men has been to keep the best and ablest minds away from it, and to invite only supple and subservient spirits to aspire to take part in it. Indeed, it has been possible for none other to be in the line of promotion. Humiliations to which no man at once of spirit and capacity would subject himself were necessary preliminaries to political success. The prizes were not worth the cost to men of genius and to men of honor. Consequently, the Presidents and their Cabinets for many years have been selected for their feeblenesses and political vices, instead of their strength and their incorruptibility. To throw dust in the eyes of the people, to pervert their moral sense, to make them believe that they were doing a self-sacrificing and heroic duty in granting every demand of slavery, provided it would only not interfere with their making and spending of money, to make the strengthening and extending of slavery and the maintaining of the Union by the sacrifice of everything that made it worth maintaining the one test of public virtue, these and such as these were the price which men ambitious of public office had to pay for the hope or for the holding of it. It is no wonder that the spirits really fit to rule the destinies of the Republic should find themselves condemned to voluntary insignificance, when they could not emerge from it, except at the cost of the very qualities of mind and character which constituted their commission from Heaven. For thirty years or more this Republic has been the paradise of little men, or of great men dwarfed, and it is slavery alone that is the cause of it all.

We would do full justice to the brave men who have attempted, for years past, apparently against hope, to withstand the overwhelming torrent of pro-slavery supremacy in the Halls of Congress. The very seeming desperation of their attempts justly imputed to them the higher honor. But, with a very few exceptions, even they have been affected by the blight which slavery has, of its own nature, cast over all who came within its sphere. The avowed duty of giving certain advantages and preeminences to slavery, which the great majority of the best of the political adversaries of its oppressions believed to be implied in an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, was a continual curb and hindrance to their action. This necessity of conciliating those who would restrain the excesses of slavery, while they would not encroach upon its legitimate prerogatives, struck all their public action with the palsy, and that goes before death. Loyalty to slavery, while organizing to resist the actions which were but the necessary expression of its life—loyalty they felt it necessary to avow and to observe—struck the chill of death to the very heart of their policy. Compromise and concession entered like the iron of a slave-chain into the soul of the Republican party. It became a necessity, according to the calculations of political chances, to take the man of their party nearest the slaveholding domination to execute its moderate plan of opposition to its extension. The strength of the man was not so much the recommendation of the candidate as his weakness. We do not blame the Republican party, nor yet its candidate, for these things. Admitting their premises, the conclusions were foregone ones. But we cannot but regret that the history of the last six months could not have projected its shadow across the platform builded at Chicago. Could there have been but a glimpse of that passage of history, we do not believe that Mr. Lincoln would have been the choice of that Convention. Had it been surmised, even, that the present struggle for the existence of the nation was to supervene upon the election of the 6th of November, 1860, we think another man would have been selected as the chosen champion of the imperfect ideas that inspired that body. And we cannot but think that if John C. Fremont had been placed by that Convention in the chair now occupied by Abraham Lincoln, that the face of affairs in the nation would have been very different from that now presented to the world. But these are all mere speculations now. Mr. Lincoln was chosen as being the man he is, and no one who helped to raise him to the post he holds has any just ground to blame him for not being a very different man.

Whether events will yet compel little men to do great things, or whether they will yet call forth a Man equal to the Hour, remains to be seen. It may be that Gen. McClellan is that man. We will hope that he may be. The country has been greatly patient with him and willing to take him upon faith, rather than by sight. No man, not even Beauregard or Davis, has owed so much to the disaster at Bull's Run, as he. It has made the nation content to bide his time as its own. But that time is rapidly passing away. He must prove his title to his position as the head of the vast force under his command by great successes, and that speedily, or else descend to the rank of broken-down heroes. Delay or failure would be equally fatal to the maintenance of the Union in its territorial integrity. If the Rebellion be not substantially quelled within three months, by the occupation by land and sea of all the principal strategic points, the interference of the great Powers of Europe is inevitable, and, if general, it must be successful. The fear, under which the Administration seems to lie, of victory, only less than that it has of defeat, must be overcome, or its existence in a National character will soon be at an end. The immense Secession influence, disguised as Loyalty, which is brought to bear on Mr. Lincoln, aims at a success which shall put the whole country again at the feet of the Slave Power. This secret influence, if that can be called secret which scarcely conceals its purposes, would shape our public policy and military demonstrations so as to leave the voice potential of the slaveholders as double as before. It would have the war ended by such a peace as would make Jefferson Davis the incontestable successor of Abraham Lincoln. Rather than have the war rounded by Justice, so as to leave Freedom the inspiring and guiding genius of the nation, instead of Slavery, which would leave them in a hopeless minority, they would wish to see the rebels triumphant and the Union severed. This, if not victory, were at least revenge. The policy of the Administration has been guided thus far by the influence of this class of its secret but deadliest enemies. A continuance in it cannot fail to work its ruin. By accepting the great necessity of striking at the root of the Rebellion and of visiting upon the rebels the beneficent penalty of a wisely-devised and executed Emancipation, it can place itself beyond the danger of a European interposition, by assuming an attitute which it would be an outrage on European civilization to disturb. If our rulers choose to listen to the counsels of their worst enemies, instead of to those of their best friends, and strive to perpetuate whatever is worst in our polity when it is within their power to destroy it, they will be sure of meeting with destruction, and that suddenly. But, at the worst, the North will remain, and we may hope that, out of its shame and humiliation, not undeserved, it may come purified and strengthened, an example to other governments for its virtues and not a warning by its crimes. And then, perhaps, if not sooner, the Man may appear fit to give its inspiration and its expression to the Hour.

GREAT MEN THE RECEIVERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF DIVINE INFLUENCE.

THEODORE PARKER . . . . . GARRISON.

[Extract from a Sermon by Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.]

FROM the lives of great men and women the water of the Eternal Life comes directly to the multitude. What marvels and mysteries are really great men! How unaccountable they are! How completely the physiologist, the economist, the schoolmaster, the historian, fails to explain them! Of them it must always be said, "They are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man." The law of inheritance does not account for them. They are children of the Spirit—they are born from above. We see them here and there, great beacon-lights on the hill-tops, towering light-houses on the edge of the sea, standing strong against all winds, in the most dangerous place, lifting up their heads high above the foam-dash of the angriest wave when the storm is at its height, and throwing their trail of splendor far out over the sea. We look back over the wild reaches of history, and here and there we see them looming up like Alpine peaks, wearing the snows of winter on their heads, gathering on their sides the torrents of the early and latter rain. A few great Providential men make history. We do not know how it is, but it seems as if certain men were sent into the world gifted with the remarkable power of collecting and distributing force, as the mountain summits collect and discharge the vapors. They are in communication with the Creative Influences—they have a secret understanding with Nature. . . . . .

I was reading yesterday in a little volume of Prayers, which a quick-fingered friend caught as they fell, on Sunday mornings, from the lips of THEODORE PARKER, and has now offered in this pretty cup to the thirsting world of men. As I read them, sometimes with tears, but oftener with smiles suffusing my whole heart, I saw in fancy that great-souled man standing there in Boston like Moses's fabled rock in the wilderness, and around him the weary people who had come to him in their thirst. What strengthening influences poured from every point into that capacious heart! England told him her manifold sorrows; France whispered to him her unbeliefs; Germany breathed into him her lofty Spiritual Faith; America confided to him her hope and her fear, her sorrow and her shame; men and women brought him their woes, as children bring their griefs to their mothers, and let fall into his bosom the summer showers of their joy and the cold night-rains of their misery; the criminal confessed to him his guilty secret; the sinner opened to him his darling bosom-sin. With his base firmly planted in the practical common sense of the world, so that he drew up spontaneously the succulent juices from the ground of life, his shoulders lay broadly out in the serener air, so that the most attenuated desires and the most impalpable ideas of the mystic came to him and crystalized, as they touched him, in drops of quickening rain. He was a great human being—a man all human; all the currents of humanity set towards him as the Western rivers set towards the Mississippi, and the Mississippi sets towards the Gulf. The Eternal Spirit made him thus broad and massive and tall, and set him on that granite rock of Massachusetts, in order that from the ample dome of his thought, and down his rugged sides, human justice and sympathy and love might flow, strong and regenerating, from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky mountains, and from the Northern lakes to the Pacific sea. . . . . .

There are Providential men in every department of experience, whose office it is to gather up and condense and transmit the elemental forces of the Everlasting Spirit. They are the chief sources of the world's extraordinary supplies of power. Without them, existence would stagnate, life would be dry and barren; enthusiasm, nobleness, heroism, would die. To these immortal hills we must lift up our eyes for help. For though their influence is flowing through society continually, and in some general way we are partakers in it, still, it is only by our conscious, personal application that we obtain the special aid we need; it is only by personal sympathy and communication with them that we are raised ourselves to higher states of power, and are privileged to feel their spirit passing into us.

Do you ask me how this personal sympathy and communication may become possible with abstract truths, or with people whom we have never seen, nor ever can see? I answer, it is possible through Faith—faith in the truths as true, in the men as great, in the lives as noble, in the results of the lives as beneficent. And when I say by Faith, of course, you understand, I do not mean a mental assent, a mental acquiescence, a mental belief. You understand that I mean a *moral* assent—a *moral* acquiescence—a *moral* belief. By *Faith* I mean reliance, fidelity, faithfulness, the heart's loyal repose on the arm of these kingly powers. The conscience of a man is simply the vent through which these mountain-fed streams of life come rushing up, and Faith is the angel that rolls the stone from this vent and lets them flow. The fountain throws its jet as high as the spring where the stream had its source; and in the man's will the moral life rises as high as the hill-top with which he has opened a connection in his own heart. The higher the hill, the greater the force of water. The moral life cannot rise to a great elevation in those who only tap the low cisterns of vulgar policy, and draw from the shallow tanks of worldliness, who lift their eyes no higher than to some popular demagogue or politician, some time-serving priest or statesman, some conventional, respectable, or eminent public servant. No grand impulse comes from the maxims of Uncle Richard, nor the soul of Uncle Richard. The summits of the great hills are above the clouds of worldliness, and few there are that have faith to draw from them. But when one does draw from them in faith, the effect is very sublime. I listened, a few evenings ago, to a man* who, with the utmost sincerity, has endeavored to do this; a man who, from constant looking up to the heaven-kissing hills, has become one of them himself; a man who stood no higher on the ground than another; a man humbly born, humbly educated, humbly situated in position; no genius, no prodigy of intellectual power; not eminent for the faculty of reason or imagination; no philosopher, no poet, no masterly man of affairs, no centre of animal magnetism; but a man distinguished by the clearness of his moral vision and his faith in moral principles; an incarnate Moral Sense, the angel of Justice imprisoned in amber. The height of his achievement was this: to repose with perfect reliance on the moral truths of Jesus. He did that. Those truths were to him unquestionably true; that life was to him undeniably noble. He was sure of that—so sure of it that he did not hesitate to let those truths flow under full head into his heart. He even encouraged the elements of that life to become a part of his being. And it was most interesting to see how simple the great Gospel utterances were in his mouth. He handled the Golden Rule as naturally as the born King handles the sceptre, or the born builder the plumb-line. The grandest abstractions that fell from the lips of Jesus—abstractions which men much nobler than the average apologise for, put by, or explain away—were to him the merest commonplaces; and such was his faith in them that he made everybody else for the time feel that they were the merest commonplaces. He lifted his audience into the region of pure truth, and gave them the luxury of drinking it in, as easily as one might carry a sick baby from a close chamber into a summer-scented garden. There was no sense of personal effort in it. The power was not *his* power. He had no *self*-assertion about him; he would be the first to say that his strength to bear and do, if strength he had—his strength of patience to wait, of fortitude to endure, of hope to look forward, of conviction to persuade—came from the hills, the eternal hills, the sunlit and moonlit mountains of the Dawn.

Now, what we as a people more especially and really most alarmingly need is this faith in that which is above us; a belief, in fact, that anything *is* above us; that human existence—nay, that human nature itself—is a diversified country, a hilly country, a country of deep valleys and high mountains, and not a boundless desert or prairie; a belief that some truths do stand eternally above the arrangements of to-day; that some men are above others in mind and character; that power comes, not from striking a commercial average, but from looking up reverently to those sources of power which are gathered in the skies.

* William Lloyd Garrison.

HENRY T. CHEEVER TO GERRIT SMITH.

HON. GERRIT SMITH—*Beloved and Honored Friend:* Suffer me to write, through THE STANDARD, a word of honest admiration and gratitude for the clearness and vigor with which the spirit of God has enabled you, from time to time, to speak and write upon the troubles of our country, their cause and cure. O that our acting Statesmen and Rulers had equal insight, honesty and courage!

Your late articles, especially your letter in THE STANDARD of Jan. 4, to Hon. John A. Gurley) which I have just perused), evince a calm penetration and just judgment of our national affairs, which Christian patriots are longing to see manifested by men in power. We are in anguish of spirit, as Mr. Sumner said, in his late eulogy of Senator Bingham, to hear that voice, herald of Union and of Peace, from the Executive head of our nation, or from Congress, "which, in behalf of a violated Constitution, and in the exercise of a just self-defence, shall change the present contest from a bloody folly into a sure stage of human improvement and an immortal landmark of civilization."

With you the rule of Right and the golden law of Justice simplify a subject, which to others, whose rule is expediency, is involved in ten thousand perplexities. Your patriotic, natural and common-sense position is, that we are in a struggle to save the country, and to save it, too, at whatever hazards to the Constitution, or to aught else; and you justly criticize the mass of our politicians who have, with few exceptions, been trained to worship the Constitution and to sneer at that "higher law" whose "seat is the bosom of God."

How gloriously grand and Christian are your dignified utterances for justice and humanity, in contrast with the late imbecile gabble, and infidel sophistry of the New York *Observer*, in defence of the present imprisonment of Rev. George Gordon, for alleged violation of the Fugitive Slave act. Let it be granted, says the religious journal* that, of all Northern papers, shares with the New York *Herald* the honor of having paved the way for Secession—"let it be granted that the law (Fugitive Slave law) is odious, and justly so; admit that slaveholding is offensive, and justly, *to the moral sensibilities of every Northern Christian heart;* but there stands the Constitution and there is the law. *Our religious duty to God*, our obligations as citizens require us to support that law while it stands there, and to uphold the Constitution *which has required that law.*"

In like manner of old said the base prototypes of such teachers of constitutional morality: We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God. How must that King of Nations, the reigning Son of God, now regard such shameless drivel of virtual infidelity under the garb of Pharisaic orthodoxy, just at the noon of the nineteenth century from His advent on earth!

Taught by Him whose own appeal was to the reason and conscience of man, as in that unanswerable argument, "And why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" you have no need to ask,

> "O that an angel would descend from Heaven,
> And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
> With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light!"

You know already what is right in the present emergency, from your loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ, and from your instinctive justice and humanity. You know with certainty what ought to be the present policy of the government toward the Rebellion and Slavery, because your political philosophy is simply your moral philosophy and Christianity applied to public affairs; for lack of which in our ruling statesmen and Executive head the land mourneth and hasteth to destruction. It is by this that you are able to utter with such confidence and sagacity—to use the language of Wallenstein in Schiller's great tragedy—

> "Voices of warning that announce to us
> Only the inevitable. As the sun,
> Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
> In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
> Of great events stride on before the events,
> And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

That our President and Congress may give heed to your counsels of wisdom and notes of warning, ere it is quite too late, is the earnest prayer of many that love you for your works' and your words' sake. On their behalf, and in grief and love for our bleeding country,

HENRY T. CHEEVER.

Jewett City, Ct., Jan. 14, 1862.

* New York *Observer*, Jan. 9, 1862.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SINCE my last to you from Poughkeepsie I have attended a series of good and successful meetings in Washington County, at Easton, North Easton, Union Village and Galesville, and yesterday in this town (Saratoga). The attendance, for the most part, has been very good, the interest cordial and hearty. The people are waiting in painful suspense for some ray of encouragement, some indication, on the part of those in authority, of a purpose to effectually remove SLAVERY, and thus having removed the cause of the war, to secure a permanent peace. How long are they to trust and wait? May it not be, as at important periods heretofore, until they are overwhelmed with deep disappointment and humiliation? Such will inevitably be the case, and the providential opportunity now offered for the speedy abolition of slavery will pass unimproved unless there is soon much more of earnestness and conscientious determination on the part of the North to secure a triumph of justice and freedom.

As on previous visits, I am under many obligations to our excellent friends the Peckhams, Dumises and Wilburs of Easton, for much kindness and generous hospitality; also to Mr. and Mrs. Cook, Leonard Gibbs, Esq., and family of Union Village.

Among the recent cheering indications, which it is always gratifying to note, is the appearance of the very good petition for the abolition of slavery, bearing your own signature, in company with those of William Cullen Bryant, William Curtis Noyes, and several other distinguished and influential gentlemen who have not heretofore been identified with any movement looking directly to the entire extinction of slavery.

AARON M. POWELL.

THE TWO ACTS OF EMANCIPATION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IT is remarkable that the two grand acts of emancipation of this century, in different parts of the world, should have met with the same obstacle. That which might have been supposed to be the greatest assistance to a legislation bestowing freedom on millions of human beings—the gradual nature of its operation—has proved to be its most formidable hindrance. In the Barbadoes, Trinidad and Jamaica, as is well known, the emancipated slaves were held for a time in a semi-feudal relation to their masters. That is, they were not at once declared both free and owners in fee simple of the little plots of land which they cultivated, but they were allowed to retain them on condition that they should labor for their former masters a certain number of days at a fixed rate of wages, which was below the market rate. It was supposed that the extraordinary attachment of the negroes for the soil, and for the places where they had lived, would induce them to remain in this species of serfdom, and that thus the large estates would not be deprived of labor. The result was the very opposite. The negroes had expected entire freedom, and this half-bestowal of the great gift embittered and disappointed them. They felt themselves aggrieved in being forced to labor for less wages than the laborers outside of the large properties. They disliked any relic of the old system of dependence. They longed themselves to be freeholders. Accordingly, they left the little gardens and cabins which they had occupied and cultivated so long, and the estates which needed their labor, and bought their own freeholds in other parts of the islands, preferring to labor for themselves; and, when they did labor for others, to receive the full market price for their work.

The effect—combined with many other causes—as is well known, was disastrous upon the production of the large estates of Jamaica, though the well-being of the population was greatly enhanced thereby. In Barbadoes and Trinidad, the evil influence upon the production of the great staples was more than counterbalanced by the superior industry of free labor and by the production of smaller articles of commerce, so that, in every point of view, whether commercial or moral, emancipation in these islands may be considered a success. Yet nearly all economists and students of West Indian society now admit that an utter and entire freedom of the slaves from all control by, or connection with, their masters, leaving both to be dealt with by the laws of commerce and production, would have been more beneficial to both sides in all respects.

A similar important experience seems now to be working out in Russia.

The serf in that country, from long proscription, had come to look upon himself as the owner of the house and plot of land which he held, while the service of labor which he was obliged to render to his lord was felt thereby as a personal service. The greatest hardship which he could suffer, and the worst tyranny that could be inflicted upon him, would be to remove him from his own little property. When the Act of Emancipation came, the serfs naturally supposed that they were to be allowed to hold their small lands and cottages. The government were strongly pressed to buy out the holdings of the peasants, along with their freedom, and pay for them in increased taxation. But they lacked the moral courage for this, and have attempted a compromise. The peasants' farms are to remain the property of the lords, while the former are to have the benefit of them with a kind of tenant-right, paying a fixed rent. This the serfs refuse to do, not being willing to acknowledge any rights of ownership in the masters over their lands. The details of the measure are also extremely vexatious and disagreeable to the peasants. The new law is an immense volume, which very few will or can read. The contracts are to be written, instead of verbal agreements, which, it is said, the peasants can seldom understand. The divisions of the land are to be made with reference to the character of the soil. The former master will, in certain cases, retain in his own hands a third of the land formerly occupied by the serf. In certain other cases, he can forcibly remove him. The peasants also formerly had certain rights of collecting wood in the forests, which are now taken away. The same difficulty, too, is experienced, which has been so fatally felt in the British West Indies: the lords were formerly obliged to provide medical care for their serfs, which they are not now bound to do for their tenants, and the population will undoubtedly suffer for a time for want of medical assistance.

Two years have been given for making all these various arrangements between the lords and their former serfs. But in the meantime, the latter refuse to pay rents or to sign any contracts—confident that in the end the government must yield to them. It is for all these reasons, that during the past year insurrections and formidable disturbances have been heard of in various portions of the Russian Empire. On this account now, the great structure trembles to its base with the threatenings of a new convulsion—the uprising of the half-emancipated laborers, demanding full and entire freedom and the lands which long use and labor had made their own.

The millions of serfs have had before their eyes the glittering prize of freedom, and they cannot be contented with any half-gift of it.

We draw no inferences from these two tremendous lessons on both sides of the ocean, but we would have all, who are reflecting earnestly on the vast question looming up before this country, to consider these facts.

C. L. B.

OUR NATIONAL PERILS.

ON Sunday evening, Jan. 12th, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, the Church of the Puritans was crowded with an appreciative congregation to hear a discourse on "Our National Perils," by the Rev. J. R. W. SLOANE, Pastor of the Ref. Presbyterian (Covenanter) Church in Twenty-third street. The manuscript has been kindly placed in our hands, and we regret that the crowded state of our columns forbids its publication entire. We can only make room for the following abstract:

Mr. Sloane preached from the following text: "For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?"—*Esther viii. 6.*

The destruction of a great nation, whether viewed in the causes of which it is the effect, the successive steps of its progress, the calamities which attend upon, or the disastrous consequences which flow from, such a convulsion, is an object invested with a profound interest for every reflecting mind. The preacher referred briefly to the history of the downfall of the Greek Republics, the Roman Empire, and other nations. Such examples, said he, full as they are both of interest and of warning, we have been accustomed to contemplate from a distance both as to time and place, but now the story is being told of ourselves; the danger of national destruction stares us in the face. The times now demand of those who speak not cowardly silence, but the well considered, bold, manly expression of opinion. Especially is this necessary from those who as teachers of the people are set for the defense of those great interests that most deeply concern our race, and which are vital to the very existence—not of that intangible shadow of a shade which some call by that sadly abused word "the Gospel"—but of the true Gospel, as it is revealed in the Bible, and taught by the Divine Savior of men. They demand piety—not the mercantile article that is buoyant and depressed with the rise and fall of stocks and the price of cotton or sugar—but the stern, deep, life-giving and sustaining piety that believes in God, in Truth, and in Justice—not that piety, dilated moonshine, that expects us to stand still and wait the development of Providence, or to enter into our chambers and hide ourselves until the storm is over; but the piety of the Puritan that prays much and keeps the powder dry—of the Covenanter that can worship God, if need be, with the hand upon the sword, leaning upon the spear or the musket, ready, if necessary, to make the application of the sermon a battle. Many are crying out, like Moses at the Red Sea, "Stand still and see the salvation of God." We are much mistaken in the interpretation of this voice of God, which is uttered amid the thunders of this storm, if it be not those other words, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." If we hearken to the first, we shall never see the promised land of success and peace; if we obey the latter, girding ourselves like men for the work, we may soon see this formidable rebellion crushed, and such days of glory arise and shed their holy light upon our country as prophet never foretold or poet sung. There is but one source of danger to the Republic, and that is the attempt to obtain peace and perpetuate slavery. He then proceeded to discuss his subject under the following heads:

I. We are confronted by a numerous, powerful, and determined foe.

II. We are in imminent peril from the danger of interference on the part of foreign nations.

III. We have the element of great danger among ourselves.

On the last of these, he said: We have no unanimity in Congress, none in the Cabinet, none in the Army—all appear to stand petrified before the amazing question, "What shall we do with the slaves?" On the very point which above all others demands a firm, straightforward, decided course, we have no indicated policy whatever. The power that damps our enthusiasm, distracts our counsels, robs us of our strength, divides our sentiments, is slavery. We shall have done with all this when, knowing an enemy, we shall grasp him by the throat and strike the dagger to his heart, and not until then. All other courses will be but like the garments which travellers throw to Russian wolves—they may delay, but cannot prevent the ultimate conflict. Let us be hopeful; we should come out of this furnace of war purified and refined; men, political parties, constitutions, may be ground to powder and carried away in the whirlwind of wrath, but Jehovah will triumph, He will free the slave, He will take care of his people, and save all that is worth saving of our institutions. The heroic band in this Church (of the Puritans), who have so faithfully followed Christ in the tribulation of these past years, shall be made partakers in the glorification of those which are to come. Our country will be saved, and the glory of the Lord arise upon her with a more resplendent brightness than in the days of old.

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, December 28, 1861.

LAST evening I devoted some hours to a careful reading of two STANDARDS and one *Liberator*, which reached me by the same mail—and I am bound to say that the impression they give of the state of the public mind in the free States is to the last degree perplexing. Unlike any other newspaper exponents of a special philanthropic object of which I have any knowledge, the abolition organs show all shades of opinion prevailing around them, in this respect evincing a very unusual confidence in the rectitude of their principles and the wisdom of their measures. In the present extraordinary state of affairs in America this courageous determination to show all sides and bearings of public sentiment inevitably increases the difficulty of British readers in coming to a satisfactory conclusion. Whilst throughout the slave States an unbroken front is exhibited in defence of their evil institution and for the maintenance of their own right to establish and propagate it free from all extraneous interference, a very different state of things prevails in the free States. The superstition (lately almost universal throughout the former Union) of the sacred pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution appears to have taken fast hold of President Lincoln's very commonplace intellect. The Cabinet is openly in a state of scandalous discord as to the policy to be pursued towards that slave system which is the strength of the Secessionists, the object of their passionate attachment, the main cause of Northern demoralization, and the bitter root of Northern disunion and disaster. When, in this crisis of your national existence, and amidst the stupendous efforts you are making to suppress the rebellion and maintain the Union, we find Northern newspapers stoutly maintaining that fidelity to slavery is the bounden constitutional duty of every American, North as well as South—that it is a permanent obligation in no way disturbed by the treason and treachery of the slave-owners; when it is clear that, with the exception of the Abolitionists, any hostility to the system prevailing amongst you arises from selfish motives, and in no degree from any sympathy with or sense of duty towards the oppressed race itself; when we learn that quite lately a minister of religion has been vindictively punished in a Northern city with the heaviest penalties on a conviction under the Fugitive Slave law—that numbers of Northern Generals absolutely refuse an asylum to fugitive slaves, and sometimes take pains to restore them to their rebel owners under circumstances of atrocious cruelty and baseness; when a devoted Abolition lecturer, noted for courage, eloquence and self-sacrifice, is brutally interrupted and his audience expelled from a place of religious meeting in a Northern town, how can any reasonable American expect us to regard the Northern cause with enthusiastic sympathy? Then again, whilst it would be difficult to reckon up a hundred thoroughgoing Abolitionists among our American visitors to these islands during the last twenty years, and the remainder of the tens of thousands who have crossed the Atlantic eastwards in all these years have been the defenders and apologists of slavery and the constitutional necessity of protecting slaveholding interests, should you not rather wonder that, taking Americans at their word, as to the best way of conducting their own affairs, a low tone of anti-slavery morality should extensively prevail in England amongst those commercial and literary classes to whom your countrymen have had access—and that, taking the masses of the English people—the pith and marrow of the nation—the old abhorrence towards human chattelism should be, as I believe, as strong as ever? We know, from ample testimony, from the testimony of your own Bigelow and Sewell, and from the official testimony of the Governor of our colonies, that our own experiment of negro emancipation has had extraordinary religious, moral, social and commercial success, and that in no part of the British dominions are the people improving more rapidly, nowhere are they happier or more peaceful, loyal and contented, than in the British West Indies. A great portion of your present embarrassment appears to result not only from Southern pride and love of domination, but from the prejudice against color and the negro hate with which multitudes of Northern men are saturated. Not only in America but in England the greatest horror is expressed of the consequences of a servile insurrection. Contrasting the relative area and population of the slave States and of those islands and other colonies in which the act of British emancipation took effect, this dread appears both cowardly and puerile. Omitting Texas, the area of the present slave States is about 600,000 square miles, whites 10,000,000; slaves 4,000,000. This gives about 16 whites and 6⅔ blacks to the square mile. The area of the British slave territory was probably not more than 50,000 square miles, although that of the West India islands which contained the great majority of the slaves was only 16,000 square miles. But I allow 50,000 for the whole, and allow to them 800,000 slaves and 50,000 whites, which was, I believe, the full proportion of colonists, and we have 16 black and 1 white inhabitant to the square mile. Now, it would be strange, indeed, if an experiment of freedom in the United States, under prudent precautions, should produce more dangerous results with such a preponderance of the armed and organized whites than resulted in the British possessions where the whites were so enormously outnumbered. The truth is that the American people are suffering for the sins of their teachers. They have much to contend with, subject as they have been for generations to the attempt to reconcile the assertion of the largest liberty for themselves with the denial of all rights to millions who are at least as much Americans as they are.

I notice that in THE STANDARD you quote Mr. Dion Bourcicault's letter to *The Times*, in which he accounts for the ill success of his "Octoroon" on the ground that English people are become indifferent to the subject of slavery. Now, of all well-known English literary journals, and indeed of all English newspapers, I know of none so decidedly pro-slavery as the *The Athenæum*, which never loses a chance of deprecating anti-slavery publications and of praising those that take the other side. Yet *The Athenæum* flatly contradicts Mr. Bourcicault, saying that his piece was unsuccessful, not because the people have changed, or from any feeling connected with the *morale* of his tale, but simply because in dramas of the kind an audience don't like to be balked of a pleasant ending to their evening's amusement. This view is taken by other critics, and I think they are in the right.

Much of the talk in some of our leading newspapers, which has excited bitter dissatisfaction amongst you, is more than paralleled in the columns of THE STANDARD and *Liberator*, not only in the language of the editors of those papers, but in extracts from journals in all parts of the free States. That Mr. Phillips's unfriendly expressions about the annexation of Canada should be regarded with regret, surprise and disapprobation in England is most natural and should astonish nobody; but I do not think it has made a single British Abolitionist waver in his anti-slavery faith. For myself, I do not feel as if the defection of the whole American Anti-Slavery Society to the doctrines and dialect of James Gordon Bennett would alter any opinion I entertain as to the fatal influence of a pro-slavery policy upon the Christianity, civilization and best interests of the free people of the United States. I hope the same may be said for all others on this side of the Atlantic who think for themselves.

I gather from your columns—from your editorials and your correspondence—that we are not becoming more popular on your side—that the freedom of remark, which is inevitable wherever a free press exists, is borne with less patience when we write about you than when you write about one another. I don't see how this can be avoided. Our government cannot prevent it. Your friends here cannot prevent it. And certainly whatever unpleasant things are said here comes back in a double dress in your newspapers without exciting any such manifestations of resentment and offended pride as they call forth on your side from many whom I would have thought capable of more manly self-restraint. One way of accounting for the difference is, that popular ovations, celebrations of victories, presentations of testimonials, processions, laudations and commendations, are at least a hundredfold more frequent in your democratic country than in our more humdrum social life. The annual celebration of the 4th of July, the speeches, the frequent reference to British tyranny, and the glories and greatness of the people, whatever effect they may have in other respects, nourish a habit of national glorification which is not upheld by any similar instrumentalities here. The English people are by no means the most modest in the world—but I doubt if one in a hundred civilians of the whole population gives his mind for five minutes to the thought of any victory gained by the English arms on any single anniversary of its recurrence. It has often recurred to us of late that the attainment of your independence, with French assistance, in defiance of the whole power of Great Britain, was partly, at least, due to the fact that your country was similarly circumstanced to that of the present slave States; that the people were defending their own soil, and that in this respect being nearly unanimous, and having an able General, they were more than a match for all the wealth and resources of England. Now, at the present time, the Confederates have nearly treble the white population of the 13 colonies, whilst they are far richer, have a finer country, and have 8 times as many slaves to do their necessary work while they do the fighting. Under such circumstances, with at least a prevalent unwillingness on the part of great numbers in the North to cut off their enemy's most prized possessions, the very sum of that social system, I own that the prospect of an effectual subjugation of the rebels seems a difficult achievement—to say the least of it. This is the universal feeling in England, and I shall be heartily glad if we all prove to be mistaken.

As to the Trent affair, we shall know the decision of your government in a very few days. It is looked for here with great interest. I believe the general desire is that there may be no war, for we well know how costly and unprofitable a remedy is war for the attainment of any object, however desirable. The prevalent sense of the community is that the matter should be regarded by the American people not in the light of abandoned precedents fifty years old, or older, but by the sure touchstone of the Golden Rule—How would you have regarded this question if England had been the aggressor? And is the possession of a pair of such fellows as Mason and Slidell, guilty traitors as they are, to be placed in the balance in comparison with the eventualities of a war with the people from whom you sprung, and who have never, in all your past struggles, insulted, betrayed, wronged and injured you, as the Southern slave-owners and slave propagandists have done and are doing?

A word about the famine in Ireland, which is exciting so much remark in the United States. Our government have the most ample means of ascertaining the truth of the reports which have been spread abroad by a mischievous faction amongst us, who care more for the temporalities of the Pope and their own spiritual ascendancy than for any other object whatever, and who rarely miss an opportunity of exciting discontent and disaffection. By means of the constabulary, who are thickly scattered over the island, and with the help of the local magistrates and resident proprietors of land, whose interests and income are bound up with the welfare and prosperity of the people, the most ample and reliable inquiries have been made, and have resulted in showing that though there may be some distress, owing to a deficient harvest and a short potato crop, resulting from a very wet season, no famine is to be apprehended, nor any scarcity which the ordinary poor-law is not fully able to cope with. Not a man, woman or child need starve in Ireland who is willing to ask for and accept of the relief to which he is legally entitled, and which cannot be refused. In a great part of the poorer districts of the island, peat is almost the only attainable fuel, coal being expensive and almost entirely obtained from England. That the wetness of the season has produced a "famine" of this kind of fuel is unfortunately the case, and that it will cause great distress, but measures are being taken to relieve it, and this disaster being from the hand of Providence, is one which no government could foresee or prevent any more than the State government of New York could cause fertility and abundance to spring forth from the barren and rugged wastes around the Adirondack mountains.

The Athenæum, which professes to be neither theological nor political, but purely a literary journal, has given place in the last number of its congenial columns to a long letter from Lieutenant Maury, addressed to Admiral Fitzroy, an eminent British meteorologist, with whom he appears to be intimate. In this epistle he states the case of the South from the Southern "stand-point," with a remarkable deficiency of truth and candor. He says that the government has been conducted, previous to the outbreak of the civil war, in the interest of the North; that the public money has been expended principally for the benefit of the free States; that the system of protection has been adhered to with this object; that the Northern people have talked of a higher law, and that they have generally regarded the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution as "an agreement with hell," which, however true, he well knows the Northern people, with the exception of the Abolitionists, even now disavow, and would probably be willing to adhere to if by so doing the Union could be maintained. In the whole letter he carefully abstains from telling his correspondent that for the last fifty years your government has been controlled by Southern men; that guilty wars with the Indians and with Mexico have been waged to extend its domains; that the slave trade has been virtually protected from foreign interference, and has been carried on from Northern ports

whole scene may be briefly described as a corruscation of brilliants showered forth on one side, amid almost continuous applause on the other. The Hutchinsons, never out of *tune* or *place*, came to the front of the platform at the close of the lecture, and gave one of their best inspirations for freedom. A copy of the lecture was requested for publication. But the great event in Dr. Cheever's visit to Washington was his discourse at the Capitol. To describe that scene—to portray the workings of mind indicated by the intense gaze, the kindling eye, the earnest, thoughtful, changing countenance; the angry look softening down to conviction, and, though struggling whiles, at last to approbation; the approving smile, the emphatic nod; an astonished listener turning his distended orbs full into the face of his neighbor; the almost deathlike stillness which reigned in that assemblage of five or six thousand eager listeners; the clear, ringing voice of the speaker, filling every part of the house—is far beyond the power of my poor pen."

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20, 1862.

WITH a view to a better understanding and a still heartier coöperation between friends on this and the other side of the ocean, I desire to say a few words.

People sometimes differ, who at heart are agreed. Parties are brought into collision, between whom, if the truth were known, there is substantial coincidence of opinion. It is impossible to conduct a controversy across a separating space of 3,000 miles without temporary misunderstanding. Misunderstandings, even temporary, can't exist without some disturbance of harmonious feeling. Crimination leads to recrimination; and it is not in human nature to feel comfortable under either accusation or retort. Both parties may be actuated by laudable motives; and truth as well as courtesy demands that this shall be the judgment in the present case between our English friends and ourselves. As the governments of the two countries have been happily saved from hostile collision, it becomes us to see, so far as in us lies, that the two great branches of the anti-slavery movement on that and this side of the water are not allowed to come into needless conflict.

By the use of the words "crimination and recrimination," it is not intended here to prejudge any point in dispute. Collisions of opinion, sometimes thus designated, are not only altogether permissible, but often absolutely demanded by the interests of truth. It is the spirit of the thing, not its letter, which determines its propriety. It is not for us to find fault with accusation, for the most accusatory body of people living, perhaps, are the American Abolitionists. Their mission has been criticism; and no man will say that they have not been faithful to their vocation. If they have carried the virtue to a fault, it should be set down to their credit that they have been as free to invite criticism as they have been to exercise it. Their language has been: "Search me and try me." To their English friends they now say: "'Let the righteous smite me; it shall be an excellent oil.' We will hear you in the spirit of your admonition, and answer you according to our judgment of its merits." This sort of "crimination and recrimination" can do no harm; but, contrariwise, it may be productive of much good.

A word on another point, suggested by these reflections; that of "personalities." Under this phrase are sometimes condemned all pointed individual allusions, which express or imply disapprobation. This is manifestly too sweeping. "Personalities," so-called, are right or wrong according to circumstances. People who write severe things, and say, "I," "I," have no cause for complaint, if their antagonists turn their points against them, and say, "you," "you." "Personalities" of this kind are in the nature of things, and can't easily be avoided. And so of other kinds. I once heard—it was at an anti-slavery meeting in Boston, fourteen years ago—a distinguished Abolitionist say to Mr. Phillips, as he descended from the platform: "That was grand, Wendell. I like to hear *those glorious personalities!*" It must be admitted, however, that this is a sort of weapon that, like edged tools, is unsafe to handle, and, as a general rule, had better not be meddled with.

Now, to leave generalities and come to the case in hand: There are some differences of opinion on certain points between Abolitionists in England and their coadjutors in this country; differences which need not exist, and which every friend of the cause should do what he can to diminish. To this end, while we Americans are charging our English friends with error, we should have the candor to admit that we ourselves have helped to put them in the wrong. Whether in this we have been the culpable cause, or only the innocent occasion, the fact is the same; our friends abroad have been misguided by some of our teachings. In speaking of our country, our government and our public men, we have been too unqualified. I don't mean to say that we have asserted what was not true, or what was not called for; but that we have not been careful to guard our statements by proper limitations.

I know what will be said in reply to this: "It is our business," it will be answered, "to expose sin, not to apologize for it; to convict the evil-doer, not to palliate his offence. Slaveholding and slaveholders have eulogists and apologists enough without our swelling the number. Ours is a different work. The duty committed to us is, to speak the truth without abatement, and to hold the nation and the people to its extremest demands." Acting on this principle, some of the ablest advocates of our cause have had but one *role* to perform—that of the accuser. As a body, the Abolitionists have been fearfully exacting. They have "laid judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet"; and none, not even themselves, have escaped their requirements. Like Bunyan, who said he "often preached himself to hell," they frequently stand condemned by their own exactions.

Now, this may do very well in the incipient period of a reform, but in the later stages, a more constructive spirit is called for. Else injurious misunderstandings will ensue. Bunyan once said—surveying his previous life in the light of God's law—"I have been the vilest sinner; I have thrown the reins on the neck of my lusts; I have taken delight in violating the commandments of God." At this his accusers said: "Out of his own mouth he stands condemned; what need have we of further witness? To the pillory with him! and to the county jail." It was in vain that the honest man remonstrated and explained. In vain he challenged them to put their finger on an offence of which they themselves were guiltless; or to produce from among their own number one who was his superior in morality. He was condemned on his own misunderstood and perverted testimony. His language, taken by itself, justified the condemnation. He had used this language, however, not to characterize himself, as in comparison with his neighbors, but as in comparison with the demands of God's perfect law.

So the Abolitionists. They charge home upon the country, the government, our civil, religious and military leaders, the sin of upholding slavery, and, *measuring the guilt of each by the turpitude of the system sustained*, they denounce them all in the strongest language, making no allowance whatever in the way of justification or palliation. People on the other side of the ocean read these charges, and, wilfully or ignorantly, accepting them as testimony, say, "To the pillory with such a people; out of their own mouths they stand condemned; let them be put under the ban of civilized nations!"

Now, it falls to us, as it did to Bunyan, to say to our accusers: "Which of you has the right to condemn us? What European nation has an escutcheon so free from the stain of robbery and blood-guiltiness as to justify it in denouncing us? Not you, France, with your sanguinary usurper fresh in his despotic seat; nor you, O England, whose red sword is still wet with the blood of its 100,000 Sepoy victims. Great as is the sin of this country, culpable as is its government, and unworthy as are its leaders, America is the peer of all other nations; and, in her recent sacrifices for liberty, without a peer among the nations of the earth!" It is in comparison with our own ideal that we condemn our country as the "chief of sinners"; but in comparison with other nations, we have no reason to be ashamed.

Still, the fact stands that the columns of our own anti-slavery papers have furnished ground for much of the accusation that is brought against the country, and for a good deal of the misunderstanding that now exists toward ourselves. It is not enough for us to say: "They ought to know better. They should not take criticism for statement; nor figures of speech for matters of fact. Whether wilfully or ignorantly, they misapprehend us." There is just the rub. It should be our business to give neither wilfulness nor ignorance an occasion for misunderstanding. Let our criticisms, hereafter, be less one-sided, and our inculpations qualified by due allowance.

There is another point where, if our transatlantic cousins are somewhat in the wrong, we are not altogether in the right. They say: "We can't sympathize with you in your efforts to put down your rebellion. Your own hands are not clean. In fact, we don't see any essential difference between your government and that of the rebels. Our abhorrence of robbery and wrong is impartial; and until you take higher ground, you must not look for sympathy from us." Now, whatever may be the spirit of this language, the sentiment it embodies is a just one. It is, that Abolitionists should stand impartially between struggling parties, where liberty is at stake, and, regardless of the ties of affinity or affection, should lean ogly to the side of the wronged, and give their sympathies alone to those who are unequivocally contending for freedom. This is sound doctrine; but it condemns the conduct of this country, Abolitionists and all, in their course toward England and India in the case of the Sepoy rebellion. Let us look at the facts in this case, and from the errors of the past learn to guard against similar mistakes in the future.

The wrongs endured by the people of India, at the hands of the English government, have been described by English orators and English philanthropists, as almost without a parallel. Their enormity and extent, as set forth by George Thompson, are still fresh in the minds of those who heard or read his lectures on that subject. And yet, when the Sepoys, the native soldiers of that country, rose in mutiny, and undertook to destroy their oppressors, and restore to their race the power which had been wrested from them, the sympathies of the people of this country, almost without an exception, went forth not to the insurgent natives, but to their English rulers. I say "*almost*"; because, having made this assertion without qualification, the other day, a friend who was present—a lady, one whose eminence as a preacher of righteousness and an advocate of universal liberty is recognized in both hemispheres—said: "Not so. My sympathies were not with England. They were then, as they have always been, with the Sepoys." Still, almost without exceptions, the sympathies of Americans *were* given to England in that painful struggle. In this, our love of liberty and hatred of oppression were shown to have been partial. We should have said to the English: "We grieve with you in your grief, and wish you a safe deliverance from all your sorrows; but we condemn your iron rule in India; and our best sympathies are with those who are its subjects. Their rebellion is the natural fruit of the wrongs they have suffered. Cease your frantic cries for vengeance, and strive to regain your power by acts of Christian justice." But this was not our language. In lieu of it, we sent across the water messages either of approving cheer or of unrebuking sympathy. We, Abolitionists, did this, and that when our own newspapers contained statements, taken from English journals, which should have taught us better. How we could have done this, and been profoundly silent at the same time as to the cruelties inflicted on the Indians, and the bloodthirsty sentiments expressed by organs of the home government, it seems difficult now to imagine; but such was the fact. Allow me, Mr. Editor, to refresh the memories of your readers on both sides the Atlantic by a few extracts. I take them from the foreign selections of *The Liberator* during the autumn of 1857:

"At any sacrifice, we must have from these demons blood for blood; and we shall teach the treacherous Asiatic a lesson so fearful that he shall cower and tremble at it so long as its history lasts."—*London Post, Aug. 28, 1857.*

"We have not merely to reconquer strong positions and extensive districts—not merely to destroy some fifty regiments of treacherous and cowardly mutineers—not merely to chastise and terrify into submission independent princes, crowds of irregulars, whole tribes of murderers and robbers—*but more than all, to perform in the eyes of the world and for the benefit of the human race a tremendous act of vengeance. England, religion and civilization have received the most intolerable insult from Mohammedan fanaticism.* Now, we say it with full deliberation, and due regard to the objections always forthcoming against any real and effectual policy, *that not one stone of that city* (Delhi) should be left on another."—*London Times, Aug. 20, 1857.*

"Here we are hanging every day, and the gibbet is in full work. *We must decimate the half of the population before we get back our prestige.*"—*From a Letter in The Times of same date.*

"The state of the city (Delhi) is said to be horrible beyond description. Thousands of dead and wounded lying together in heaps in the streets; and as disease has broken out in consequence, they are now, we hear, *huddling living and dead, as many as they can, into great pits.* We are shooting and hanging by the score. In fact, any native who cannot give a good account of himself is strung up like a lamb. Is it not awful when we think of what only one hanging is at home? *We are all growing frightfully hardened and bloodthirsty.*"—*Letter from the wife of a distinguished officer in the English army, dated June 22, 1857.*

"It is said that at Cawnpore and neighborhood the Queen's 78th Regiment put to death *not fewer than* 10,000 *people*; or, according to another version, killed all they could get at; men, women and children. At Semapore a portion of the Sepoys had remained faithful and refused to march with the mutinying regiments; but the Queen's 10th went to the barracks where they were and said: 'What are these black devils to be spared, merely because they have given up their arms?' Then, amid curses and imprecations, they turned the Sepoys into the barracks yard, and had killed a considerable number before the massacre could be stopped. They used the bayonet as well as the bullet, and one of the victims was a woman."

"In the Bombay *Gazette* we have an account of the practice adopted by the British army in blowing away Sepoys from their guns. It is a mode of punishment which casts the wheel, the halter and the guillotine into the shade, and appears to be accompanied by mutilating horrors that probably have no parallel in the history of mankind. A medical officer of the standing gives a description of an 'Execution parade,' which is terribly graphic."—*Liverpool Star.*

The chief and almost the only notice taken by us of the atrocities here described and of the bloodthirsty public sentiment which demanded them, was the republication of these statements, accompanied by faithful testimonies against the iniquity, from the pen of the consistent and good James Haughton, of Dublin, and that of the late lamented George Combe, of Edinburgh. The former in one of his articles says:

"There is a fierce and revengeful spirit abroad that needs to be repressed. Is it because a few infuriated people in India have revelled in the blood of innocence that our people are incited to deeds of horrid vengeance? Is this our Christianity? Is Briton guiltless of atrocities such as she now seeks to punish? Would that she were! But she is stained in her annals with the blood of women and children, and now beholds with horror the harvest of which she herself has sown the seeds. I do not justify the conduct of the Sepoys, but this cry for Blood! Blood! Blood! is demon like. Why should we affect horror at the barbarism of the Sepoy when the fact is fresh in our minds, that, to compel the Chinese to consume a deleterious drug for our pecuniary profit—a drug which then our government had the virtue to forbid—we bombarded a city containing a million of inhabitants. What hypocrisy after such an act of barbarity to affect horror at what has been done by the Sepoys."

I recall these things of the past, Mr. Editor, for our present edification. Rightly understood, they will be found replete with instruction.

We profess to be Abolitionists. An Abolitionist, in the broadest sense of the word, is a true Christian. God is his father, and all mankind—the black man and the Sepoy included—are his brethren. His sympathies are due most to them that are most oppressed. His heart is with the weak against the strong; and his voice is raised for the oppressed against the mighty.

To be an Abolitionist, in the best sense of the word, is also to be a Democrat. The true Democrat, by an instinct which does not wait for evidence, is, in every contest for governing power, with the many against the few; with the people against the oligarchists. The Democrat in England sees, by intuition, which side is right in the present contest in this country; but the man who has not attained to democratic sentiments waits for evidence; and from the fact that he has not so attained, he boggles at the evidence when it comes. He distrusts the people, and talks about the mob.

There are other points in which we American Abolitionists have sinned and come short, but I have not space to notice them at present. M.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR (Edwin M. Stanton) was, in the early days of the Anti-Slavery Movement, an Abolitionist. So, at least, we are assured by a clerical friend, who knew him well at that period. We have reason to believe that he was one of the great multitude who became interested in the cause of the slave under the instructions of Theodore D. Weld; and our friend knows that he sometimes employed his fine talents in publicly answering the arguments of its opponents. He afterwards became entirely absorbed in his duties as a lawyer, and though he has always acted with the Democratic party, he has never been a very active politician. Remembering that,

"Just as the *twig* is bent the *tree's* inclined,"

we must indulge the hope that Mr. Stanton's early anti-slavery convictions will be so far revived as to influence his official acts in the important post he now occupies.

AARON M. POWELL, Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will speak at

WASHINGTON HOLLOW, N. Y., Sunday, Jan. 26.
CLINTON HOLLOW, N. Y., Tuesday, Jan. 28.
SALT POINT, N. Y., Thursday, Jan. 30.
PLEASANT VALLEY, N. Y., Saturday, Feb. 1.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20, 1862.

THOSE persons who were present in the House of Representatives on Friday afternoon were doubtless not a little amused, if not gratified, by a scene which occurred on the floor of the House at about two o'clock. There stood Marshal Lamon of this District, near the central door of the hall, hat in hand and strutting like a turkeycock. Your readers will remember him as the man who has winked at all the abominations of the City Jail in Washington, as the enemy of fugitive slaves, and the terror of poor and wretched people everywhere he is known. His last act was to issue orders to the keeper of the City Jail prohibiting any person from entering the jail except under peculiar restrictions. Members of Congress are required, Senators, to get permits from the Vice-President, and Representatives from Speaker Grow, before they can enter the wretched den out of which the Marshal turns many a nimble penny. This last piece of insolence has been resented by Congress, and Mr. Lamon will probably be required to resign his place before the matter is done with. But to go on with my story. On Friday afternoon, Lamon, after having excluded members of Congress from the jail, had the impudence to violate the rules of the House by coming upon the floor during the session. Mr. Fenton of Chautauqua County, N. Y., had the courage to get up and call the attention of the Speaker to the fact that the Marshal of the District was upon the floor in violation of the rules of the House. Mr. Hutchins of Ohio suggested that perhaps he had got *a pass* from somebody! This was a hit at Lamon's issue of passes to members signed by the Vice-President and Speaker. By this time the Marshal was white with passion, and when the Speaker said that the door-keeper was expected to do his duty, he strode out of the hall in a magnificent style. To understand the whole affair, the reader must fully appreciate the unpopularity of the Marshal among the Republican members of Congress for his bad conduct towards fugitive slaves in the District. Before he gets through with the quarrel, which he has seen fit to pick with the anti-slavery members of Congress, he will wish he had paid attention to the change of public sentiment on the question of slavery.

This incident shows how Congress and Washington have changed. *Now*, a pro-slavery Marshal is ordered off the floor of the House, and the Senate passes a resolution stigmatizing his conduct as insolent. Let him pass down the stream with other pro-slavery trash.

Although it is late to speak of it, I must say a word respecting the removal of Mr. Cameron from the Cabinet, and the induction of Mr. Stanton into office. Cameron was, perhaps, honestly anti-slavery in his views. His policy was, at any rate, favorable to the slave. His enemies have all along said, that he turned anti-slavery to save his reputation. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. His successor, Stanton, is a man of genius and of power, is a wide-awake man for a Democrat, but has for many years been connected with the Democratic party. In his opinions and acts he has been a pro-slavery man. But since the rebellion broke out he has been an enemy of slavery and of the rebel slaveholders. He has declared repeatedly that, in his opinion, slavery is the cause of the war, and the weak point of the rebellion, and that we ought to strike it "between the eyes." Mr. Sumner knows him well, so does Ben. Wade, and they both speak very highly of him, and have the highest confidence in his honesty and hatred of slavery. He is probably a good exchange for Cameron, as he is a tremendously active man.

Other changes in the Cabinet are talked of, but it is doubtful whether they will take place immediately. The clamor for the removal of Welles is dying away, and he will remain in the Cabinet. Smith of the Interior Department may soon leave it for a place on the Supreme Bench. The worst of it is, that he is not so fit for a place there as he is in the Cabinet. If he would only take a mission to Turkey or Austria, it would suit all round, as there would then be a chance for Mr. Colfax to take his place. If there is a good vacancy in the Cabinet, it seems to be the general impression that Mr. Colfax will be called upon to fill it. Whether *he* would consent to such an arrangement is more than I know.

The great speech of the week in Congress was by Mr. Bingham of Ohio. I hope you will be able to publish it. It was a magnificent legal argument in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation of the four million of slaves in America. He made no distinction between the slaves of rebel and loyal masters, but would doubtless compensate the latter. The speech was one of the most eloquent ever delivered upon the floor of Congress. Unfortunately, the day it was delivered was a stormy one, and the telegraphic wires between Washington and New York broke down, and the *verbatim* reporter of the Associated Press, who takes down the best speeches, was unable to telegraph it to the prominent newspapers. It was precisely the kind of a speech which should have gone to every leading newspaper in the country. Mr. Julian also delivered a speech on the same subject, on Tuesday, advocating emancipation.

The Senate Judiciary Committee has reported a bill which confiscates all the property *of rebels*, and emancipates their slaves. This is probably as far as Congress will go at the present session. A number of Senators and Representatives are in favor of a comprehensive scheme of universal emancipation, but there is not a majority in either branch of Congress favorable to it. It is a great step to provide for the emancipation of the slaves of all rebel masters, for such an act, if carried into effect, would emancipate two-thirds of the slaves in all the South. With two-thirds free, how long would it be possible to keep down the remaining third? Let Congress pass the bill which comes from the Judiciary Committee, called the Trumbull bill, and if our army has the power to enforce it, and slavery will receive its death-blow. But an enactment framed on the principles enunciated by Mr. Bingham in his speech would be more just and equitable. It is a cruelty to the loyal slaveholders, who keep their slaves, to surround them with emancipated slaves. Better far make a clean thing of it, and make compensation to the loyal slavemasters.

There is manifest progress in the Administration on the slavery question. Even Gen. McClellan talks manfully against the darling institution of the rebels. In a conversation with Gen. Lane, he is reported to have expressed himself as ready to exterminate slavery, if thereby the rebellion might be put down. Lane goes back to Kansas, boldly avowing his purpose to put slavery to flight wherever he goes. Yet he goes back with the approval of the President. Gen. McClellan probably thinks that it is unwise to ask questions of the man who may soon meet Ben. McCullough on the field of battle. Lane is a good fighter, though he is a rough one, and the government must avail itself of all the good fighting material within its reach, even if it is tinctured with abolitionism. AVON.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. XIII. Par—Redwitz. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This valuable work is near completion—three volumes only remaining to be issued. The one now before us is replete with information upon a great variety of topics, embracing almost every department of science, sketches of eminent men, living and dead, historic events, etc. Among the scientific articles we note the following: Pavement, Peat, Pen, Pencil, Perspective, Pewter, Perfumes, Phosphorus, Photography, Phrenology, Physiology, Plague, Platinum, Pleiades, Plough, Polarization of Light, Potash, Political Economy, Pottery and Porcelain, Printing, Prison, Pyrotechny, Railroad, Rain. Among the historical, literary and geographical articles we mention these: Patrimony of St. Peter, Pauperism, Peking, Pennsylvania, Periodical Literature, Perpetual Motion, Persia, Peter's Pence, Pharisees, Pilgrimage, Poland, Portugal, Presbyterianism, Priest, Progressive Friends, Quakers. Among the persons, living or dead, whose biography is contained in this volume, we observe these: Sir William Edward Parry, Theophilus Parsons (father and son), Saint Patrick, Saint Paul, John Howard Paine, Rembrant Peale, Sir Robert Peel, Cyrus Pierce, William Penn, Thomas H. Perkins, Saint Peter, Peter the Hermit, Ida Pfeiffer, Wendell Phillips, John Pierpont, William Pitt, Edgar A. Poe, Pocahontas, Alexander Pope, Pestalozzi, George D. Prentice, Wm. H. Prescott, Josiah Quincy, Jr., Josiah Quincy, Edmund Quincy, Rammohun Roy, John S. Rarey, Robert Rantoul, Jr., William Rawle, T. Buchanan Reade.

The amount of careful research and critical writing required in the preparation of such volumes as this, if duly set forth, would astonish those who have no experience in such matters. The editors and collaborators have evidently done their work with impartiality and thoroughness.

PRAYERS: BY THEODORE PARKER. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862. Pp. 200.

During the whole of Mr. Parker's ministry in the Music Hall and the latter half of that at the Melodeon, the prayers offered by him on Sunday mornings were taken down in phonographic characters, as a "labor of love," by a member of his congregation; and from the accumulations of so many years the forty prayers inlcuded in this volume have been selected, the one at the close being the last that Mr. P. delivered in public. They must be more than welcome not only to those who were privileged to sit under his ministry, but to the still greater multitude who discovered in his printed discourses evidence of the deep devotional feeling which was the charm of his religious character; while those who formed their estimate of Mr. Parker from the representations of a hostile press, regarding him as a reckless iconoclast, devoid of religious reverence and tenderness, will see in the light of this volume how much they were mistaken. They may not find in these prayers their own special creed, but they will discover evidence that the man from whose lips they fell "walked humbly with God" and was filled with charity for all mankind.

THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF NATIONS: A THOUGHT FOR THE CRISIS. New York: G. P. Putnam, 532 Broadway.

This very tersely and vigorously written pamphlet propounds and answers the great question which is now before the nation and the world. This is done with such clearness and cogency of argument and beauty of illustration as cannot fail to convince every thoughtful mind that our true life or real death, as a nation, depends upon our decision for or against emancipation.

It is one of the compensations for the overturns of great revolutions that they rarely fail to bring out illustrious minds who, shaped by and shaping the times, are destined in the wise overruling of Providence to lead on and inspire the multitude in their advance to a higher destiny. Friends of freedom, give this universal circulation. Nothing that has appeared on this subject can more powerfully help the great cause. S.

We cordially endorse what is written above by a valued friend and correspondent; at the same time referring the reader to the first page for an extract from the pamphlet in question.—*Ed.*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February contains the usual variety of interesting articles, of which we give the titles, as follows: Battle-Hymn of the Republic, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; Agnes of Sorrento, by Mrs. Stowe; our Artists in Italy, by the late Paul Akers; The Experiences of the A. C., by Bayard Taylor; Snow, by T. W. Higginson; A Story of To-Day; Methods of Study in Natural History, by Louis Agassiz; Love and Skates, by Theodore Winthrop; Midwinter, by J. T. Trowbridge; Ease in Work, by Dr. A. Wasson; At Port Royal, 1861, by J. G. Whittier (see first page of this paper); Fremont's Hundred days in Missouri, by William Dorsheimer; Mason and Slidell—a Yankee Idyll—by James Russell Lowell; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Mr. Lowell's new series of "Biglow Papers" is to be continued in every number to the end of the volume. The one now before us is in no respect inferior to its predecessors. We may give extracts hereafter. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for January contains seven articles, as follows: I. The Sword in Ethics; II. Berney's Chronicles of Sulpicius Serverus; III. The Mind's Maximum; IV. Mrs. Browning; V. Milman's History of Latin Christianity; VI. Passages from the Life of Schleiermacher; VII. Review of Current Literature. The first of these articles is a very ingenious and brilliant defense of war, by D. A. Wasson; containing, however, not the slightest reference to the works on the other side, whose titles are placed above it; nothing indeed to show that Mr. Wasson ever troubled himself even to read them. It is an effort, not to meet the arguments of Non-Resistants, but to set them all aside by what may be called a flank movement. We observe that Mr. Charles K. Whipple proposes to reply in *The Liberator*. The Non-Resistants could not ask for a more competent champion of their cause. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC for 1862 (J. F. Cleveland, compiler), besides the usual astronomical calculations, contains a list of U. S. Foreign Ministers, of members of the U. S. Senate and House (politically classified), and of members of the Rebel Congress; abstract of principal acts of second session of 36th and special session of 37th Congress; Chronological Record of the Rebellion; Population of each State by Counties, from Census of 1860, compared with Census of 1850; Population of the principal U. S. Cities; Population by States from the organization of the Government; Election Returns from the several States; the Rebel National and State Governments; Lists of States, Capitals, Governors, times of meeting of Legislatures, etc. Popular Vote for President in 1852, 1856 and 1860. New York: Tribune Office.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XI., contains an important portion of current history, in three divisions, viz.:

I. Diary of Verified Occurrences.
II. Documents, Narratives, etc.
III. Poetry, Anecdotes, and Incidents.

It also contains fine portraits of Generals Mansfield and McDowell.

G. P. Putnam: 532 Broadway.

NEW YORK STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE Sixth Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York will be held in ALBANY, at ASSOCIATION HALL, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, Feb. 7th and 8th, commencing at 10½ o'clock a.m. Three sessions will be held each day.

The exigencies of the slave's cause, in the present national crisis, call for a full representation at this Convention of the friends of freedom from all parts of the State. During the past year the SLAVE States have dissolved the Federal Union, repudiated the United States Constitution, and organized a gigantic conspiracy in the name of a new confederacy, the chief stone in the corner of which, it is avowed, is HUMAN SLAVERY. The Federal government, which began its career by fatal concessions to slaveholding barbarism, and has since been disgraced and weakened by numerous like concessions, until now its very existence is imperilled by the same aggressive, unscrupulous power, is still administered in a spirit of suicidal submission to the unrighteous dictation of slaveholders. Though there has been a great and most gratifying increase of anti-slavery sentiment since the outbreak of the rebellion, and a strong tide of opposition to slavery is steadily rising among the people of the North, still, in our midst, the enemies of impartial liberty, and of a truly republican government, masked under professions of loyalty, are not a few. It is no time, therefore, for Abolitionists to relax their efforts, but rather is increased fidelity called for. Special earnestness and activity is yet demanded of every friend of freedom and of just government, to secure the speedy abolition of slavery under the war power. The present and future well-being of not only four million of slaves, but of every inhabitant of the land is at stake. The dangerous and fatal spell of submission to slavery must now be broken, the slaves rescued from the vile grasp of traitorous oppressors, and thus, justice having been done, an abiding peace be ensured. Let all who possibly can, come up to the approaching annual Convention, and contribute, by personal presence and wise counsel, to render its influence mighty and effective in the service of the sacred cause of liberty.

[The names of the speakers who will attend the Convention, among whom are confidently expected WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, and THEODORE TILTON, will be announced hereafter.]

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements,
A. M. POWELL.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY (Asa B., Lizzie C., Little Dennett, and Freddy), will sing at the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Monday evening next. Some of their songs will be adapted to the present crisis in national affairs.

DIED.

PIERCE.—At Ercildoun, Chester Co., Pa., on the 28th of 12th mo., 1861, of diptheria, Marion R. Pierce, daughter of Lukens and Susan F. Pierce, aged 7 years and 3 months, nearly.

"There is no flock, however well attended,
But *one* dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has *one* vacant chair."

Proceedings of Congress.

In the Senate, on the 15th, the resolution to promote the efficiency of the troops in Kansas being under consideration, Mr. SAULSBURY (Dem., of Del.) opposing it said: "It invites every free negro and runaway slave and Indian to come and be armed. If there was a lingering hope for the Union in the heart of any man in the South, the adoption of this joint resolution would extinguish all such hope." Mr. LANE (Rep., Kansas) said: "The resolution did not give power to arm the slaves or even white men. He would put the slaves to work on the fortifications, but would not put arms in their hands. He had not intended, by the resolution, to commit the government to the policy of arming the slaves, but if he (Lane) had command of the army, while he would not commit the government to any policy, he would say to the slave: 'I have no arms, but if you can find arms get them, and I will use you as a soldier.'" (suppressed applause in the gallery). Mr. HARLAN (Rep., Iowa) "could not see why the colored people should not be allowed to bear their share of the burdens. Neither did he agree that colored men should not be allowed to bear arms. He did not think it could be offered as a reason for not doing so that they were enemies of the country. There were four million of men whose loyalty could not be doubted, and yet all their force and energy is marshaled against us by the rebels. He did not see why we should not employ these four million of men for the government." Mr. TRUMBULL (Rep., Ill.), from the Judiciary Committee, to whom were referred the numerous bills in reference to the confiscation of the property of rebels, etc., reported them all back with one original bill as a substitute for the whole, as follows:

A BILL *to Confiscate the Property and Free the Slaves of Rebels.*

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the property, real and personal, of every kind whatsoever, and wheresoever situated within the limits of the United States, belonging to any person or persons beyond the jurisdiction of the same, or to any person or persons in any State or District within the United States now in a state of insurrection and rebellion against the authority thereof, so that in either case the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them, who shall, during the present Rebellion, be found in arms against the United States, or giving aid and comfort to said Rebellion, shall be forfeited and confiscated to the United States; and such forfeiture shall take immediate effect upon the commission of the act of forfeiture, and all right and title and claim of the person committing such act, together with the right or power to dispose of or alienate his property of any and every description, shall instantly cease and determine, and the same shall at once vest in the United States.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That every person having claim to the services or labor of any other person in any State under the laws thereof, who, during the present rebellion, shall take up arms against the United States, or in any manner give aid and comfort to said rebellion, shall thereby forthwith forfeit all claim to such service or labor, and the persons from whom it is claimed to be due, commonly called slaves, shall *ipso facto* on the commission of the act of forfeiture by the party having claim to the service or labor aforesaid be discharged therefrom and become forever thereafter free persons, any law of any State or of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding, and whenever any person claiming to be entitled to the service or labor of any other person declared to be discharged from such labor or service under the provisions of this act shall seek to enforce such claim, he shall, in the first instance, and before any order for the surrender of the person whose service is claimed, establish not only his title to such service as now provided by law, but also that he is and has been, during the existing rebellion, loyal to the government of the United States, and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or to surrender up any such person to the claimant.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the United States to make provision for the transportation, colonization and settlement, in some tropical country beyond the limits of the United States, of such persons of the African race made free by the provisions of this act as may be willing to emigrate, having first obtained the consent of the government of said country to their protection and settlement within the same, with all the rights and privileges of freemen.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the President of the United States, as often as in his opinion the military necessities of the army, or the safety, interest and welfare of the United States, in regard to the suppression of the rebellion shall require, to order the seizure and appropriation by such officers, military or civil, as he may designate for the purpose, of any and all property confiscated and forfeited under and by virtue of this act, situated and being in any District of the United States, beyond the reach of civil process in the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, by reason of such rebellion, and the sale or other disposition of said property, or so much of it as he shall deem advisable.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the officers so designated to make to the President full reports of their proceedings under such orders, which report shall be filed in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury; and all moneys received on the sale of the confiscated property of any person, as aforesaid, shall be deposited in the United States Treasury.

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That for the purpose of enforcing the forfeiture specified in the first section of this act of property situate and being in loyal States or Districts in which the ordinary course of judicial proceedings is not obstructed by the rebellion, proceedings *in rem* may be instituted in the name of the United States in any District Court of the United States within which the estate or property so forfeited or any part thereof may be found, which proceedings shall conform as nearly as may be to the proceedings in prize cases or to cases of forfeiture arising under the revenue laws, and in all cases the property condemned, whether real or personal, shall be sold, and the proceeds deposited as provided in the fifth section of this act.

SEC. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That the several District Courts of the United States are hereby invested with power to issue all process, whether mesne or final, including garnisher and process, as in cases of foreign attachment, and to do every other matter and thing necessary and proper to carry out the purposes of this act.

On the 16th, the bill in relation to the arrest of persons, claimed as held to service or labor, by officers in the military and naval service of the United States, was taken up. The bill provides that any officer arresting persons held to service or to labor shall be discharged from the service. Mr. COLLAMER (Rep., Vt.) offered an amendment or a substitute, that no officer of the army or navy, militia or volunteers, shall assume to exercise any authority to arrest, detain, hold or control any person held to service, and that any officer so offending be dismissed from the service. Agreed to. Mr. SAULSBURY, of Delaware (Opp.), offered the following amendment as a new section: "Nor shall any soldier or officer, under like penalty, in any way entice, decoy, or retain any such person from his or her master or owner." Mr. SAULSBURY said that he thought that the officers or soldiers of the United States ought to have nothing to do with the question at all, either way. Mr. RICE, of Minnesota (Opp.), moved to add after the words "master or owner," the words "who may be a loyal citizen of the United States." Agreed to. Mr. WILSON opposed the amendment. He was against any kind of justification of slavery. What he wanted was to prevent officers of the army from returning slaves. Some officers have already disgraced the service in this way, and, God willing, he (Wilson), if he had the power, meant to prevent their confirmation by the Senate. Mr. PEARCE said the effect of the bill, without the amendment, would be to invite the slaves of Maryland to come to the army, where they would be safe from the legal rights of their owners. He thought that justice demanded that the bill should be amended. Laid over. On Tuesday, the report of the Judiciary Committee upon the resolution to expel Senator Bright of Indiana for disloyalty being under consideration, Mr. SUMNER (Rep., Mass.) made a scathing speech in favor of the resolution. Mr. LANE (Rep., Ind.) spoke on the same side. Mr. BRIGHT spoke in his own defence, but only made his disloyalty more apparent.

In the House, on the 15th, a resolution, proposing to raise by taxation and imposts $150,000,000 annually, being under consideration, Mr. Bingham (Rep., O.) made an admirable speech. He said: "For the suppression of this rebellion the Representatives of the people may authorize the army of the people to do whatever may be necessary for that purpose consistent with justice. They should employ whatever means may be necessary to this end. He went further when he said we have not discharged our duty in accordance with the laws already passed. He hoped all would agree to confiscate rebel property wherever found, and it was their duty to pass without delay not only a bill to confiscate the property of the rebels, real, personal and mixed, but declaring the unconditional freedom of the four million of slaves by whose toil this rebellion is maintained. Then it may be said, 'The Lord hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider have been thrown into the sea.' He maintained that plenary power resides in Congress to declare the unconditional emancipation of the slaves." Mr. WADSWORTH of Kentucky replied to Mr. Bingham in a speech which showed very clearly that his (Mr. Wadsworth's) love of the Union was entirely subordinate to his love of slavery. He said if emancipation should be the policy of the government, fifteen, instead of eleven, States will be placed in rebellion, while many from the free States will lay down their arms, unwilling to be parties to so unjust and unconstitutional a policy. He would not vote a dollar for the war on such a basis. Mr. ELIOT (Rep., Mass.) reported a bill prohibiting the Chinese coolie trade by Americans, in American vessels, which was passed after a speech in its favor, in which he said it could not be found, in all the history of the slave trade, that greater atrocities and violations of human and divine law have been committed than in the coolie trade, which fact official documents disclose.

On the 16th, Mr. BLAIR (Rep., Mo.) presented a petition of 140 colored persons of California, asking that provision be made for the colonization of that class, and where color will not be a badge of degradation. Ordered to be printed. On the 20th, Mr. ALLEN (Dem., Pa.) offered a resolution that in the judgment of this House, no part of the appropriation now or hereafter made, nor of taxes now or hereafter to be laid by Congress, shall be used in or applied

Miscellaneous Department.

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

Who standeth at the gate?—A Woman old,
A Widow from the husband of her love:
"Oh Lady, stay; this wind is piercing cold,
Oh, look at the keen frosty moon above!
I have no home, am hungry, feeble, poor."—
"I'm really very sorry, but I can
Do nothing for you; there's the clergyman,"
The Lady said, and, shivering, closed the door.

Who standeth at the gate?—Wayworn and pale
A gray-haired Man asks charity again:
"Kind Lady, I have journeyed far, and fail
Through weariness; for I have begged in vain
Some shelter, and can find no lodging-place."—
She answered: "There's the workhouse very near;
Go, for they'll certainly receive you there."
Then shut the door against his pleading face.

Who standeth at the gate?—A stunted Child,
Her sunk eyes sharpened with precocious care:
"Oh lady, save me from a home defiled,
From shameful sights and sounds that taint the air.
Take pity on me, teach me something good."—
"For shame, why don't you work instead of cry?
I keep no young impostors here; not I."
She slammed the door, indignant, where she stood.

Who standeth at the gate, and will be heard?
Arise, Oh woman, from thy comforts now:
Go forth again to speak the careless word,
The cruel word, unjust, with hardened brow.
But Who is This, That standeth not to pray
As once, but terrible to judge thy sin?
This, Whom thou wouldst not succor, nor take in,
Nor teach, but leave to perish by the way.

"Thou didst it not unto the least of these,
And in them hast not done it unto Me.
Thou wast as a princess rich and at ease,
Now sit in dust and howl for poverty.
Three times I stood beseeching at thy gate,
Three times I came to bless thy soul and save:
But now I come to judge for what I gave,
And now at length thy sorrow is too late."

—*English Woman's Journal.* CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE TIMES.

A LECTURE,

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

Delivered in the Fraternity Course, at Tremont Temple, Boston, Tuesday Evening, January 7th, 1862.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We have been told that this is the closing lecture of this course—a course, the marked ability and earnestness of which must have done much to educate the public mind. Fourteen months ago, in November, I had the honor to open the one which preceded this. I believe I then expressed the almost unanimous feeling of the Northern States when I welcomed Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States with the sincerest confidence and good-will. Nine months ago, in April, at the Music Hall, I enjoyed the satisfaction—rare to me—of speaking in the name of the majority of New England, when I said Amen and God-speed to the purpose of the Cabinet in lifting the guage of battle which the South had thrown down to us at Sumter. Nine months have passed since—nine long, weary, eventful months. What record have they borne to the history of these United States? The people, with a patriotism and readiness, with an energy and enthusiasm, which find hardly a parallel in history, have placed at the command of their government everything: money without stint; armies that almost equal the fabulous levies of Asia. We have levelled every barrier of civil right; we have annihilated every mark of constitutional liberty; and over the broad, unfenced surface of the Empire, the Cabinet has wielded the sceptre of despotic power. Twenty million of people have raised a hundred million of dollars, and their credit has hardly oscillated on the exchange. We have mills that could almost reclothe our army every three months; prodigal harvests; armories full of workmen, crowded with weapons; and yet, to-day, ten months since the inauguration of the Cabinet, these rich, active, well-furnished, twenty million of people, stand checkmated, having gained no one advantage worthy of note, their capital besieged by ten million of enemies, whose credit could not command a dollar on any exchange of the world; who have neither a granary to feed nor mills to clothe their army; and whose rare statesmanship, whose singular, unmatched ability holds an unwilling people and a fettered race quiet while threatened by such a foe. Ten months, of which the history is hardly anything but disaster and disgrace! Ten months—its first epoch marked by the flag that never feared a foe lowered to an insurrection, then contemptible, at Sumter; its second epoch by a flight which gave us the jeers of the world for a comment; and the third, by the stars and stripes trailed in too ready, humiliating submission to the threats of the mother land. Ten months, such as the world never saw, of the willingness of millions to pour out treasure and blood! Public opinion has stood behind the Cabinet with the heartiest enthusiasm and support. From every section, from the pulpit and from literature, every voice has been God-speed and auxiliary. From the press came that most remarkable of all utterances, perhaps the most eloquent that the exigency has called out—"The Rejected Stone," from the pen of a native Virginian, published in this city by Walker and Wise, and analyzing, illustrating, exhausting the question, with a home knowledge, with an earnestness, which no other expression has reached. The pulpit has done its work with remarkable fidelity. From Maine to the Mississippi, from the humblest local pulpit to the broadest metropolitan see, from the commonest utterances to the largest religious press, the voice has all been in support of the government. And I may say, in passing, that nothing shows more emphatically how much the unfaithfulness of the pulpit for thirty years has forfeited its natural influence on the intellect of the people, than the very little influence which this unanimous utterance, in such a critical hour, has had upon the policy and the hearts of the people. Ten months—nothing is its record! We have not yet turned the first flank of the foe. More than that, the Cabinet has neither made nor met a question. I call it the Apology Cabinet. It is the only Cabinet in the history of the nation whose whole record is a series of apologies. Sumter!—why did it fall? In long columns, with elaborate excuse, with minute detail, the Cabinet will tell you why. Norfolk Navy Yard and Harper's Ferry!—why were they lost? Listen! and if you will listen long enough, the Cabinet will elaborately explain how. Manassas! a disgraceful defeat—why? If you will be patient, sit down and stay a week, the Cabinet will convince you how necessary and inevitable and beneficial it was, without anybody's fault. Mason and Slidell on board a British gunboat instead of in a Massachusetts fort! Listen! and the three columns of Mr. Secretary Micawber, ever waiting for "something to turn up," will explain to you exactly why (laughter). The Apology Cabinet!

Understand me. I mean to find no excessive fault with the Administration. They are in due course of being educated; but, unfortunately, it takes too long. Every hour is big with the fate of the Union, and meantime, the scholars at Washington have not got beyond the first form. If we had an American for President, and not a Kentuckian, we might have had the satisfaction of knowing, that in the effort to save Kentucky, we had not lost the Union—*in the vain effort to save Kentucky*, we had not lost the Union. I have addressed many audiences in the different cities during the last ten months. We have all waited with matchless patience for the action of this body of men to whom the helm of State has been entrusted. They have raised an army such as the world never saw. England, with her thousand years of history, with her flag given to the battle and the breeze for so many centuries, by forced impressment and pinched levies, cannot put one man in ten in the field, to what the patriotism of these Northern States has furnished the government. So much the Cabinet has done. It waits for the people to do more. For one, with no intention of disrespect, with no bitterness of criticism, I must say, these ten months have exhausted my patience with the Cabinet at Washington (applause). I place no further reliance on them. I do not assume to divide the guilt of these ten months of inaction—whether to the Administration or the people. History will settle that. History will assign the rightful measure of responsibility to the masses and to their leaders. All I have to say, here and now, is, that in my opinion, if History shall find that the heedless incapacity of leading men, that the mousing and ill-timed ambition of the Administration, that the fact that we had a man for President who could not open his eyes any wider than to take in Kentucky, and statesmen for the Administration who could see nothing at present but their chances for the Presidency—if History shall find the verdict that this caused our national disasters and humiliation, posterity will henceforth divide the curses that have usually been monopolized by Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold. The treason which attempts the surrender of West Point is attended with less bitter results than that heedless incapacity, than that ill-timed ambition, which obliges a nation to such humiliation, and brings us into our present jeopardy. Everybody agrees, that this last month, we could do nothing else than surrender the Commissioners to Great Britain. Blondin on his tight rope is in no condition to resent an insult; neither is this nation in a condition to hazard a war with Great Britain. There could nothing else, nothing better be done, than to surrender the Commissioners, in our present condition. But who brought us to this condition? Who wasted the enthusiasm of last summer? Who kept half a million of men idle since the first day of October? Who omitted to put on the banner of the Union that motto which would have checkmated every Emperor and Cabinet of Europe, by an appeal to the sympathies and conscience of the people, and thus barred them from daring to insult the great and distracted Republic? I throw my share of the humiliation of these last twenty days on the heads of those men who, having in their hands the tools of conquest, the means of saying to the despotism of Europe, "Thus far, and no farther," for the past six months, have wasted both time and means—I care not why, but wasted them, until we stand to-day where we are.

Ladies and gentlemen, I, for one, therefore, expect nothing from the Cabinet at Washington. So far as they are concerned, the game is up; the Union is severed; the men who were murdered at Baltimore—their lives are half wasted. We have poured out two million a day, and we have purchased nothing but disgrace, except this sublime uprising, which shows the omnipotence of self-government, and whose whole merit belongs to the people. If there is no resort elsewhere, if there is no appeal to any other part of the government, the cause is closed, the verdict is rendered, and the Court may adjourn.

Let me tell you why I think so. But before that, let me say a word personal to the party with which I have been associated. I say it with all seriousness; and for the next three months, there is no American who can afford to be anything but serious. Men and their faults, their ambitions, their successes, their virtues, sink to nothingness before the majesty of the issues. In the next three months, I more than half expect disunion; two Confederacies; a North subjugated by events, smarting under defeat, bankrupt in statesmanship and character. Some of us have said—*I* may have said—in times past, that Democracy was on trial here. It was a mistake. Democracy has never been on trial. Except in our Northern State governments, we have never had a Democracy in this country. We have had an attempt at a free government, an attempt at free institutions, poisoned, tainted, conditioned on a toleration of the system of slavery. The Abolitionists have said for thirty years, and every thoughtful man on the other side of the water has echoed the sentiment, that it was a grave question whether the public and its leaders in the free States had not been so demoralized, so much weakened in their moral sense, so much dulled in their appreciation of the responsibilities of self-government by the influence of slavery, as to make it impossible for us to survive any great crisis. The anti-slavery party of these free States have again and again averred their confident belief that the slavery question was so radical that this Union could not endure it and live. We have often said, that it was a singular and melancholy fact, that the monarchic institutions of Great Britain, a ship of State burdened with millions of debt, with vast evil institutions, with a Nobility and an Established Church, was still able to endure for fifty years, and outlive the storm of anti-slavery agitation; and as long ago as during the life-time of Dr. Follen, it was the sad but confident belief of many leading men in the anti-slavery party, that this Republican community had been so poisoned by sixty years of compromise and submission, as to render such a result almost hopeless here. It bids fair to be prophecy sadly fulfilled. Before I pass on, however, in view of that summer upon which we soon shall enter, and which, I think, unless somebody more potent than any yet in power bestirs himself, will see us with two Confederacies, let me say one word about that disunion sentiment which I have so long represented.

We advocated disunion, we planned disunion, not, understand us, because we undervalued Union, because we did not see how broadly it ministered to peace, to commercial prosperity, to large material life, to the development of the noblest manhood, to the real and most perfect freedom of the black race, provided it could be an honest Union. The Union against which we protested was a Union bought by submission to slavery. It was a Union that meant slavery in the Carolinas, and gags in New York. It was a Union that meant Massachusetts with the right to say so much, and only so much, as South Carolina would permit. It was a Union in which no man dared to follow out the logical inferences from right and wrong, because he ran against a great national institution, in the presence of which, if he had any hopes of political advancement, or public favor, he must be silent. It was a Union whose fundamental conditions violated justice—a Union whose cement was the blood of the slave. It was such Union that we opposed; and when, in the spring of the last year, slavery unfurled her banner against that Union—when, laying a corner-stone of the slave trade and bondage, she announced her purpose to take possession of Washington, and dictate terms to the nation—mark you! not secession. The Gulf States never read to us the programme of secession. The first plan, threat, proposal, was to take possession of Washington—to prevent the inauguration of Lincoln—to demand the recognition of Europe as the United States of America—to call the roll of their slaves on Bunker Hill—to dictate peace in Faneuil Hall. It was a conspiracy to govern this belt of the continent. It was a conspiracy to put at the head of the Union the guiding star of American slavery. When that phase presented itself to the public, when Lincoln—the only act that will immortalize his name, the only act that gives the world evidence that he did not leave his conscience and his brains in Kentucky when he removed to Illinois—when Mr. Lincoln said, "The flag of Sumter shall never be lowered by an order signed with my name"—when the North rose in arms to support that declaration, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi rang out the defiance to this Southern Confederacy based on slavery, we, like our fellow-citizens, said, "All hail to the North! sleeping, but not dead. The North—of which no man dreamed—who has been resting on her musket since Bunker Hill—but at the first sound of a worthy challenge starts up ready for the battle (loud cheers). The North, that men thought cankered with gold, bought and smothered with cotton—the North, that springs to arms for an idea, and sends her message to every hovel in the Carolinas, that the pledge of '76 shall yet be a reality, and all men on the continent shall be as God created them, free and equal" (prolonged applause). When that voice came from nineteen States, and twenty millions of people—that the corner-stone of the Union should be justice—we dropped our prejudice against a Union big with such a purpose. Like all of you, we placed at the service of the country and the Cabinet any little item of influence that might be in our hands, and for ten long months we have waited to see what that Administration and that Cabinet would do. They have trailed the banner we gave them in the dust and blood of every possible humiliation. They have left no bright spot on the history of 1861; no act of the government at thought of which an American must not put his hand upon his lips and his lips in the dust. If the nation lives, it is the untaught energy of the people which has shown the world, that outside of Washington there is still a Democracy vital and sufficient for the hour (applause).

What is, as far as any man can learn it, the purpose of the government? As far as we can learn it from any act, from any official source, it is to reconstruct this nation on the basis of '89. It is to put back all the institutions of the country where they were on the 1st of January, 1860. The only property which the Administration will not touch is the pretended right to a slave. Charleston herself may be ruined; we may stop up the harbor which God's own hand has scooped, and blot out of existence a great city; but one single slave that walks upon its dust, the government is not brave enough to touch. The government stands to-day with no avowed purpose whatever, but to put this nation where it was on the 4th of March, 1861. Every man with his eyes open, from Charles Sumner downward, has said again and again, that there was not strength enough in twenty States to save slavery and the Union; and every voice from Europe, of impartial judgment, echoes the sentiment. In ten months the Cabinet has announced its choice of the alternative, and to-day stands pledged to save slavery. How? There is but one will in this nation. I look upon the Cabinet and the President as absorbed, swallowed up, hidden, "covert," as the law calls a wife—"covert" by Gen. McClellan. The Cabinet—those of them who are not plotting for the Presidency of a Union that has so little chance to exist—are waiting for Mr. Secretary Micawber; the President is dumb; and there is no living man in the government but Gen. McClellan. He announces that within thirty days he expects to crush this rebellion. Lying on a bed of sickness, to be raised by the providence of God into ordinary strength, he announces that in thirty days he means to give us a victory so decisive, so immediate, that it will practically be an end of the war. Grant it! If he does so, he saves the Union (applause). If he does so, he puts France and England on their good behavior (applause). But, mark you! you are hanging your Union—and I value it as much as you do, as much as any man does; I know the momentous interests we served when we bought Florida, and rounded the nation to the Gulf. Large interests of peace, broad reasons of trade, strong considerations of a well-fortified neighborhood—I know the strength of that necessity which led Jefferson to override the Constitution and buy the Mississippi. Peace, trade, the interests of the West—I know the gain, I recognize the temptation, which bowed the ambition of Webster to that scheme of Texan annexation which was political suicide. It was to complete, to make harmonious, to make impregnable the Union. I recognize all these interests. Within sixty days from to-day, if we have success, immediate, decisive, unmixed, covering us with glory from Port Royal to Memphis, from the Potomac to New Orleans, the Union is safe (applause). But, Mr. President, it is a momentous game. "On the nice hazard of a doubtful hour," as Hotspur says—twenty million of people, who have spent two million of dollars a day, and sent their sons by half millions to die by disease and the bullet—"on the nice hazard of one doubtful hour" hangs the whole determination of such a question. Why should it be so? Why were no other attempts, no probable success, no other chances evoked in October? Why are we crowded up to this great, last danger? What if we do not succeed, if we have but half-and-half success? Does any man believe we shall wholly succeed? With a hundred thousand men at Washington, who have been looking in the faces of a hundred thousand on the other side of the Potomac for months, with a scattered army, which has never met a Southern foe without finding him superior in numbers, is it *absolutely certain, beyond all question*, that we shall gain nothing but victory? Are you *quite* sure, are you *absolutely confident* that nowhere in the broad circle, hemming in, like the hunter's, Memphis, New Orleans, East Tennessee, the Potomac, Port Royal, Mobile—driving the foe in together—is it absolutely certain that nowhere we are to meet a check? If we do, if our success is mixed, if our victory is uncertain, if out of four battles we lose two, if we are driven back, if we stand on the 4th of March anywhere as we stand to-day, if we tide over to April, and have not crushed out the insurrection, what thoughtful man doubts that Spain, France, England, who even now keep their fleets afloat in the Mexican Gulf, and at Halifax, with an army in Canada—who doubts that these powers will acknowledge the Confederacy? And Mr. Seward told Mr. Adams, in his private note, six weeks ago, that the recognition by either or all of these States would mean nothing but war with this Republic; and if the eight or nine States in rebellion have kept us ten months at bay, does any man believe that these States are sufficient to subjugate them when France and England stand on their side?

Ladies and Gentlemen, I say to you what I believe to-night—sixty days settle whether we are to have one Union or two; and there is a vast meaning in those two Unions. There was a time when I think—I may be mistaken, every man is liable to be, but I think there was a time when we might have divided; when, if the North had withdrawn, or the South, it might have been possible to have two Confederacies, and peace between them. But to-day, angered, at war, smarting with mutual injuries, with hate that will not die out for two generations, two Unions mean no tariff, two such Unions mean bankruptcy at Lowell, bankruptcy at Lawrence; two Unions mean an almost total, a very radical change of the manufacturing and mechanical interests of these nineteen States; two Unions mean a frontier stretching from the Potomac to the Gulf, and every ten miles a smuggler; two such Unions mean John Brown in every Northern village, and fear in every Southern Harper's Ferry that he attacks; two such nations mean war all along the border—races the most ingenious and persistent, ours and the South, carrying on a constant, bloody, bitter strife, until perhaps in thirty or fifty years natural laws kill slavery. It strikes me that hazard is too great to lay upon the power and the capacity of Gen. McClellan. If the Cabinet rests wholly on him, *we* have got something to do to save this Union of ours. What right have we, Mr. President, to claim the control of this Union? What right have we to say that these our Northern States are entitled to a preponderance in the past? No right but this—that we are the better—not that we are the stronger, that we are the *better* civilization. What right has England to rule India? The right of conquest is too bare, without real basis. Her right is that her sceptre is civilization, thought, humanity, and her subject is barbarism. Why should we claim that our institutions have a right to govern this Union? The ground is that they create men—broader, stronger, better, nobler, higher men. Thus far we have not shown it. On this seventh day of January, I take the liberty to say to a Boston audience, the South has shown the better right to succeed. She has shown more statesmanship than we have. With wonderful skill, she has held eight million of unwilling people quiet, four million of slaves quiet, marshalled large armies, larger in proportion than any State ever raised, and gathered them from a reluctant people. She has coined finances out of nothing, and bread out of stones, she has made ten million overmatch twenty.

A VOICE—I don't believe that doctrine for one.

MR. PHILLIPS—Well, my friend, facts are hard things; I wish it was not true. She has subsidized every press and every court in Europe. Whence comes it? I am not, mark you! saying that her means are moral. I speak only of ability, efficiency. How does South Carolina subsidize *The Times?* In the same way that she bought the North on the Texas question. She spread Texas scrip over nineteen States; worth nothing, paper, when she gave it away: worth seventy cents on a dollar when Northern votes, so bought, had made Texas a part of the Union. She has subsidized the literature and sources of opinion in Europe in the same manner—with Confederate scrip, by the million—worth nothing to-day—worth a hundred cents on a dollar, perhaps, for awhile—long enough for shrewd men to realize—if the Thunderer of London and the Despot of Paris can make that Confederacy a fact instead of a myth. She, like a sagacious pilot, has weathered every storm until to-day, and deserves to succeed. She is true to her idea, Slavery. She makes everything bend to it. Our idea is Liberty. Instead of proclaiming it, living by it and for it, our government is trying to tread on eggs, without breaking them (laughter and applause). Our government dare not whisper the idea on which it rests. Hardly a political meeting dare speak of the sore that consumes the body politic. The North sends her armies into the field, and the only thing they have done for ten months is to catch negroes, and find out owners for them. We have not yet vindicated our title to govern by the exhibition of a civilization and earnestness of ideas superior to the South.

I know, ladies and gentlemen, this is unwelcome truth; but is there any other way to explain our position? Certainly, we have not conquered. The stars and stripes do not float over New Orleans. Richmond is not besieged, and Washington is. Beauregard can ride a hundred miles in either direction, and Gen. McClellan cannot. Explain for me the problem. Twenty million of people, with wealth that knows no limit, and yet thus we stand to-day. Now it seems to me that our trial of Democracy—our mixed, half-way, conditional trial of Democracy—has proved this, that it does not breed leaders. This war was not begun by statesmen; it has not been carried on by them. The Administration was forced into its position by the people, and the people must carry it forward. We have three things to do. We must avoid war with England; we must avoid an insurrection of the slaves; and we must write something on our banner, that will appeal to the people of Europe against the Cabinets. How do you propose to check the palpable and unmistakable plan of Great Britain and France to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy within four months? McClellan proposes to check it by victory. God speed him! (Loud cheers.) He proposes to check it by encamping in Richmond. God speed him! (Renewed cheering.) He proposes to check it by putting the stars and stripes over New Orleans. I say Amen! (Loud applause.) If he will only do it, there is nothing more necessary; we have conquered, and there is an end; and although I shall regret, for one, that it was possible to reconstruct the Union of '89, I shall bow my head, and confess that he has done it. But I doubt his ability. I do not believe in the possibility of doing it within ninety days. It seems to me no sane man, who has looked at the last ten months, can believe it. And if we do not succeed in that time, it is death. By the first of April, that Southern Confederacy will be acknowleged. There is one exception, one other contingency. The slaves may rise. There may be an insurrection. These blacks, of whom the complacent white man is constantly asking, "What shall we do with them?" may rise up and say, "We have concluded to do something for ourselves!" Yes, it is possible. It would be the foulest blot on statesmanship; it would indicate a deplorable defect in our civilization, to say of twenty million of people, rich and well fed, armed to two-thirds of a million, that they could not pilot the slave to safety, without his murdering his master, and burning from New Orleans to the Potomac. It would be bankruptcy to national character; it would be a blot such as seventy more years of successes would hardly erase. We must avoid that. For our character, still more for humanity's sake, we must prevent it. We must avoid war with England. It is useless to boast. We cannot now fight England. We cannot fight England when she speaks the sentiments of Christendom, and when she stands behind those twelve States in rebellion. She will not move until she moves with France, and Spain, and possibly the rest of Europe at her side; and you know, every one of you that thinks, that the Despots of Europe, naturally, constitutionally, inevitably—those of them that are not fit for a mad house—hate, dread and envy this Republic. The Earl of Shaftesbury, we are told, has said so in a public meeting in Great Britain. It is natural they should; we must take it for granted they do. I appeal to every man before me, familiar with English literature, familiar with English politics for the last thirty years, whether it is not a foregone conclusion, that the tory party of Great Britain, much more that of the continent, dread, and would seek every honorable means to destroy, this Republic. On the fourth of March, we shall have been one year at war; on the first of June, we shall have been fifteen months at war; and if Europe is able to say—"You have tried it and cannot succeed; you have done your utmost; you have neither statesmanship nor armies worthy the name; this fratricidal strife, this disgrace to civilization, this destruction of the markets of the world, this starvation of the industry of Europe, must cease"—why should she not say so? I tell you an open secret, when I tell you that many a member of Congress at Washington expects it? McClellan may be victorious. That is one way. There is a better. Do you remember that Daniel Webster said, "There is something sharper than bayonets, there is something stronger than thrones"? "It is," he says, "that public opinion which follows the conqueror home from the scene of his ovation, which tells him that the world, though silent, is indignant; which denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened age; which turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing; which stings him with the consciousness that he has outraged the opinion of mankind." To that public opinion we can appeal. Let these nineteen States say to the world this—"We have struggled for ten months to treat this rebellioon as an ordinary insurrection; to preserve untouched the social arrangements of every State. We find ourselves unable. We recognize the central disease from which these troubles spring. We pronounce it a struggle betwixt freedom and slavery, and the government announces, after a long and patient trial, that this is a war for liberty, that only impartial liberty can save the Union, and hence, of necessity, it proclaims that every man that sees the stars and stripes shall be free!" (Enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.) Let McClellan put that upon his banner, so broad that it can be seen in London, and Earl Russell will write no more haughty notes to Mr. Seward. We shall checkmate any Cabinet in Great Britain. If my Lord Palmerston will not carry out the designs of peace toward such a North, my Lord Derby will succeed him; and that religious, anti-slavery, enlightened middle class which has not been heard from at present, which finds no voice in "Blackwood's Magazine," or in the "Edinburg Review," will say to Earl Russell—"In the name of Clarkson and Wilberforce, hold your tongue! (Cheers.) These brothers of ours on the other side the Atlantic are engaged in a struggle which means Magna Charta. In the name of John Milton, of Hampden, and Wilberforce, our hearts go out to them. God save the great Republic!" (Loud applause.) There is no other appeal possible for the people of this continent; and it seems to me that we have too much at issue to trust it to the single expectation of military victory. I am willing to wait as long as any man for the drill of Gen. McClellan. I am willing to wait until he has made an army as perfect as that of the great Napoleon. But I know an army already drilled; drilled by a hundred years of bitterest oppression; every drop of their blood in earnest; covered by God with black faces, so that you may know them at a distance, and always to be trusted (applause); I know an army that are spies at every hearth-side of the South; they will make every step safe while he walks to New Orleans; and whether Manassas is a barrier on one side or Richmond on the other, he shall find between him and every Southern cannon a hundred thousand at least of friends in the very territory he invades.

You may think I speak this merely as an Abolitionist. I allow, with perfect readiness, that my chief interest in pol tics springs from my sense of the justice which this country owes to the victim race (applause). I want to see a Democracy educated to the level of the Roman boast, that it pulls down the oppressor, and lifts up the oppressed (applause). I want to see a religion in the North that recognizes the responsibility of strength to protect weakness. I want to see a sense of justice planted in the soul of every American citizen, so that of our mere motion we shall be willing and desirous of meteing out this justice to the negro. But I confess that, to-night, I do not speak from that motive. I speak from a broader motive—as an American citizen, charged with the welfare of all races, white and black, foreign and native (applause). I speak from what I thought I had torn up by the roots—pride in the flag which floated over our fathers' heads (renewed applause). I confess I shall feel humiliated if, three months hence, at the bidding of hostile nations, this Union is severed in halves. I shall live, I hope, to make my reckoning with the men who have betrayed us the last six months, for during all that time, this Union might have been placed beyond the reach of contingency. There was that in the enthusiasm, in the strength of the people, which would have placed us beyond the contingency of expeditions to Savannah, to Port Royal, to Beaufort, and nobody knows where. Why, the merchants of Boston would have taken the blockade of the Mexican Gulf, Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, on contract, on the first day of July, and finished it by the first day of October (laughter and applause).

I know nothing that the Cabinet has done but hold the people back; and I confess that to my mind, there is infinitely more danger to-day in red tape than in despotism; infinitely more danger from the men who think of nothing but routine, and those who are ready to trust every power to the government necessary for the salvation of the Union. My idea of Democracy is this: it must rest on educated masses. Unlike despotism, it cannot rest on anything else. That very element of Democratic institutions makes it safe to trust government, in an emergency, with the gravest powers. France cannot trust them—she is a wreck, as she stands to-day, when she does. Germany cannot; Austria cannot; Italy cannot; England hardly could; but we can. As John Adams said—"The reason why George Washington was not Cromwell was because we would not permit it." So, to-day, you trust your government with despotic powers; and the reason why no man becomes a Napoleon Bonaparte is because there are twenty million of men, Yankees, to ask him why; educated, self-sufficient, strong-hearted men, who know their rights and mean to maintain them. And these twenty million of men would have put this Union beyond doubt, if they had had a man, not a Kentuckian, to lead them the last ten months.

Now, I make no complaint of Abraham Lincoln. No man can be broader than his cradle (laughter). Unfortunately, he was born in Kentucky; and slavery had produced such a state of things in this nation that it was not possible to choose for President an unmixed loyal Northern man. That spirit of compromise which had been inoculated in our blood ever since '89, obliged us to choose such a man, and the result is, the history of the last months. I do not blame him that he is not a Daniel Webster, an Oliver Cromwell, a George Washington, or any one else. Incapacity is no man's fault. What I dread is, that a man in the wrong place should baulk and defeat twenty million of people. Woe to such influence! He is in the hands of abler, deeper men than himself. Woe betide those who stand beside him, with some little title to the name of statesmen, if years hence, one race shall rise up and find that it has been baulked of its highest ambition and the other of its dearest hope!

But it is no longer Gen. McClellan and the Cabinet. Ever since the 4th of December, we have had another tribunal. Congress is sitting. The representative of the public sentiment is in Washington. Men fresh from the midst of us are there, endowed with the power to cope with this rebellion. As John Quincy Adams says—government—the Senate and the House of Representatives, to whom the Constitution gives the power to make war, have therefore inevitably, as a mattter of course, an unlimited power to carry it on as they please. It is a power conferred by the Constitution—a constitutional power, but not one limited by the Constitution. It is a despotism. Every dollar, every musket, every right of the nation is in the hands of Congress. The principle is, that when the ship is in danger, the captain may throw the cargo overboard to save the hull. So, to-day, in this storm and convulsion, Democracy vindicates its title to be a government. It would not otherwise be so. To the hands of its great functionaries, it entrusts despotism for national safety. Recollect, liberty does not mean universal suffrage. Louis Napoleon was chosen by universal suffrage. Liberty does not mean the ballot-box and primary schools. Liberty does not mean the grog-shops of Boston at liberty to choose its Mayors (applause). Liberty means institutions anchored in the habits of the people, become a part of their moral and intellectual nature, sufficient for any crisis that can come over a country. When France, in her great revolutionary convulsion, met the eye of Napoleon Bonaparte, seeking a throne, there were no institutions to check him; only twenty-five million of unorganized, uneducated, half-crazy Frenchmen, and he put them under his right hand—of course he could. But we are taught, from the very cradle up to the Presidency, every one of us, to be part of and preside over public meetings, initiate and work all the machinery of civil government—to oppose, not individuals, but well-planned institutions and old habits, to all efforts of tyranny. We are a nation, the institutions of which guarantee liberty. Why, a Yankee baby, six months old, is ready to manage a town meeting (laughter). He inherits it. If a dozen Yankees, or five hundred, find themselves on the prairies, they extemporize a Constitution or a State. No other race could do it. The correlative of that power is, that it is safe to trust government with the gravest despotism. Lancets, knives and surgeons' saws, are terrible instruments—dangerous. What is the use of surgeons? It is, that when you need lancets, somebody knows how to use them. Just so with Democracy. It is a government that, when, for a moment, despotism is necessary, it can be safely exercised. As John Quincy Adams says, therefore, Congress has the power—let her use it. Let Congress to-morrow abolish slavery in every State by an authority equal to the Constitution, which says there shall not be nobles in any State. Let her add to it that every loyal man shall be compensated for any loss that he can show; and we cover two great dangers. If there is a Unionist at the South, who is not a negro, we search him out. The magnet of compensation draws him to the surface; he shows himself; he finds his voice. Those men trembling to-day at Richmond and Norfolk, those dumb friends of ours in Northern Arkansas, in the upper counties of Alabama, at Macon, at Columbus, in every small town of the South, if they knew that a people strong enough to enforce their will, and capable of finding it out, had proclaimed that the success of the Union troops should be to them safety, would (if there be any such) make themselves known. Then, on the other hand, we say to Europe, "Let four thousand miles of salt water roll between you and us; we can manage this quarrel." On a sound basis, I do not want the advice nor the sympathy of Great Britain. On a sound basis, I have no fear of her thousand frigates, or of her hundred thousand soldiers. On a sound basis, this nation is equal to anything. The brains of nineteen million of Yankees, with a territory four times as large as France, make no second-rate power. If we can only survive this war, we are safe. If Jefferson Davis is not able to say—"There are nineteen million of people who wanted to be accomplices with me in slaveholding, and I would not let them; there are nineteen million of Yankees who were willing to sink the Declaration of Independence, provided only they could have cotton enough to keep Lowell going, and I held them as fish to my hook as long as I wanted them, and then I tossed them, half-dead, into the sea"—if we do not go out of this war bankrupt in statesmanship and bankrupt in character, I have no fear for the future of the nation. But there is a better hope, there is a nobler aim, there is a more glorious destiny for us in the ninety days that are coming. We can override this Cabinet. We can at least ask Congress to do its duty. We can at least ask of the government that it shall show Democracy equal to the struggle. *To-day* is the accepted time! *To-day* is the hour of our salvation! It is madness to trust so much to the vigor of one brain, to the uncertain fate of a single great battle. If you do, I fear that venerable man,* who still, in our own city, the oldest of our statesmen, lies on a bed of sickness, who, a boy, saw the formation of the Union, needs to live only a hundreth part of the years we wish him, to see its end.

It is too great a stake for a single card. I exhort you, therefore, not as I usually have done, for the negro, but for the honor of the fathers, let us show ourselves worthy of our blood. If no other State speaks, make Massachusetts utter her voice. We have always been the brain of the Union—elaborate ideas for her now. Massachusetts has the greatest stake in this issue. Her million of men grow nothing, almost, on her barren acres and her granite; we have only cunning fingers. The customers of the South and West are our wealth. Our cousins across the Atlantic are this day cheating them out of our hands. Children of Hancock, of Adams, of Jay, of the statesmen of '76, show that you value your government, and have the sagacity to preserve it! Checkmate Europe; inspirit, give courage to your Cabinet; make your army's expense win something; let the year 1862, by its successes, blot out the disaster and the disgrace of '61; and if we can never bring back those Commissioners, if we can never wipe out that stain on the flag of the Union, for Heaven's sake, let us put ourselves in such a condition that no Lord Russell of Great Britain, no aristocrat of Europe, can dictate terms a second time to the nineteen States of this Union! (Loud applause.) This week, this fortnight, has been sad enough. You know its record. The seaboard dictates submission because of mercantile interests, and the country bows its head, with ill-concealed grief, to the very power that for sixty years has claimed the right to stand on our quarter-decks, any time, and take anybody therefrom.

Bear with me a moment, while I tell you why I differ from the popular view of this question. I allow the surrender was unavoidable. In our present circumstances, we could not fight England. Let them bear the shame whose shuffling policy has brought us to this necessity. But let us not deceive ourselves as to its real significance or the world as to our reasons for doing it. We did it because we could not help it, because we were not in a condition to resent the insult; not because international law, or any national pledge or course in times past, required it. No President would have dared or dreamed of doing it from 1800 to 1860. Let us, fellow-citizens, so bestir ourselves that no President will again be obliged to do it. So much for our reasons; and I think our wisest, most dignified way would have been frankly to have said so, in the face of the world, and sent the Commissioners to England.

Now for the meaning and consequence of the act. For one, I do not see that our surrender of these men, in present circumstances, binds England to any principle of international law heretofore disputed, or that, by accepting it, she relinquishes any of her former pretensions. Earl Russell simply demands "certain individuals," forcibly taken from on board a British ship, "pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage." Now, that statement, and that only, binds the British government. No matter what *The Times* has said—what French journals or British speakers have said. The British government rests its case on Russell's dispatch. Observe its language—"certain individuals." It is very significant, he nowhere even allows that they are Americans. They are "four persons," "four gentlemen," "certain individuals." Now, suppose our government, instead of running with such undignified haste to surrender (the only business they have not dawdled over for months since they came into office), had replied—"Yes; certain individuals were so taken; they are *American* citizens. We took them as you have often taken British subjects from the decks of our ships, merchant and national, pursuing lawful and innocent voyages, in time of peace, without your having resort to any judge or tribunal." It is by no means evident, *non constat*, as the lawyers say, from anything in Russell's dispatch, that his government would not have admitted the exception, the precedent, or at least submitted the question to arbitration. As Earl Russell's letter stands, Great Britain has a right, clear and undisputed, to demand the surrender of individuals forcibly taken from her ships. That is the *general rule*. The plaintiff always brings his action on general principles of law, and claims *all he can*, leaving it to the defendant to plead the exceptions. To this rule of Russell's there are several exceptions. England claims the right to take her subjects at any time from any deck. All nations claim the right to take an enemy's soldiers from neutral decks in war time. To bind England to any new principle, we should have replied claiming the exception; and if she then still claimed the men, spite of her own practice, she must have been held to have renounced her pretensions. But she will, as the case stands, take a British sailor this year or next from a Boston brig, whenever she wants him; and I do not see anything in Russell's dispatch to forbid it.

Again, I except to the whole argument of Mr. Seward on its merits, as well as that the nation knows it is only a pretext to serve a turn. It is absurd to say that any nation is bound always to act on the side she has usually chosen of disputed rules of international law. International law is common sense as recognized by nations; it is natural justice as nations *now* understand it, not as any one man or one nation fancies it. Hence, while so considerable a maritime nation as Great Britain excepts to any rule of that law, the question is open, and any nation has the clear right to act on either side she sees best at the time. Indeed, the only way to make those governments which maintain a cruel practice surrender it, is to let them feel the smart of it from other hands. Now, the question whether a government may arrest its citizens anywhere, at any time, is open. England keeps it so. Practice it on her, as we rightfully may, till she surrenders it. So as to Mason and Slidell being or not being belligerent, England cannot urge that question; she so considers them. So of this talk of refugees, like Kossuth and Mazzini, under the British flag. Everybody knows Mason was no refugee; he was the public agent of a strong government passing to his post; in no sense whatever a refugee, and he would disdain the excuse. If we subjugate the South, Davis and his officers may become refugees, and then this question may come up; but not yet. So of their not being contraband because *men* are not contraband, or only soldiers are, certain decisions and treaties having so affirmed. This is all idle. International law is no fantastic relic of feudalism or curious old machine, painfully adapted to new times, like some other laws. It is common sense, as national emergencies call it into action. Now, why are soldiers contraband? Because they are tools of an enemy—helps to him. The same *reason* makes agents, ambassadors, contraband. A w